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HERBERT S. STONE & CO. NEW YORK

The Chap-Book

Vol. VII, No. 1

Semi-Monthly

Price 10 cents

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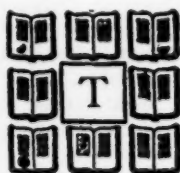
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NOTES



THE *Literary World* of Boston is temperamentally optimistic. It cannot resist the magic of print, and it is in a perpetual posture of adoration before the contemporary writer. Without a tabulation of its criticisms it is impossible to believe how admirable it finds this spring's books to be. Curiosity has prompted a statistical examination of this rose-hued view of letters, and the results are astonishing. In the last issue of *The Literary World* there are about twenty books about which it seems to have no opinion. But there is a very large number about which *The Literary World*

has opinions. It discovers five books which it thinks are not worth while, two it vaguely condemns, five more it mentions with such elusive phrasing as conceals its judgment, fifty-five it finds worthy of praise qualified only by inability to find enough superlatives to describe their surpassing merit. In this figure are not included reprints and new editions; it is fifty-five new books to which, within a fortnight, it gives the accolade. To even the most benign and indulgent reader this state of affairs must prove that *The Literary World* has a very morbid and diseased taste.

An idea is not an idea nowadays till Mr. Stead has handled it; and then it usually turns out to be a chimera. What the editor of the *Review of Reviews* wants to do now is to give us an authorized version of the English language. He has been a good deal alarmed of late by reflecting on the dangers of corruption and degradation attending the increasing use of our tongue. One hundred and fifty millions of people cannot speak English and adapt to their local needs without some tampering with its purity. Half that number have succeeded, in America, in turning the language into what is almost a dialect. The speech of the average American is a thing to make the purist gasp and stare. He says "it do n't," "he do n't," "she do n't"; he talks about "back of," when he means behind; he has been known, especially in the West, to whisper something about "between you and I"; his wife calls a thing "cunning" when she means pretty, and "homely" when she means ugly, and is very apt to "enthuse." No language can live at that pace. Some soothing tonic is needed to check this linguistic activity. What Mr. Stead proposes is the appointment of a Select Committee of Philologists. With these are to be associated "half a dozen editors of international magazines," the leading men of letters who write for London and Chicago, Melbourne and Boston, and—this is where America steps in—the starring actors and lecturers who address English-speaking audiences in many parts of the globe. It is fondly hoped that in this remarkable gathering will be the germ of an academy capable of laying down the law and seeing that it is obeyed.

What appeals to us most in the project is the attempt to establish a Comédie Française among English-speaking people, to give the actors and actresses a position of authority in speech and pronunciation. "How do you pronounce vase?" asks

the eager student. "I do n't know," is the answer; "ask John Drew." "Does Roland Reed say 'astonished' or 'surprised?'" will be a question, full of fate to the English language. Mr. Sothern, of course, will be a dictionary in himself for half the women in New York, and exercise a most vital influence over the conversation of society. It will seem odd just at first to have a reputation as a grammarian tacked on to May Irwin's many powerful charms; but no doubt we shall get used to looking upon our vaudeville performers as lexicographers in embryo. If presidents of republics are not excluded from this Pan-Anglican synod, it is satisfactory to think that we shall be able to send a capable representative in Mr. McKinley. Unlike most presidents, he knows how to use his own language with considerable accuracy. His speech at General Grant's tomb, for instance, was a really admirable composition, and his allusion to the General's "homely" virtues showed that he understood the proper meaning of one of the most beautiful words in our language. Considering that about ninety per cent of the women of America have apparently leagued themselves together in an effort to destroy the real significance of that word, and to give it an interpretation that is directly opposed to its natural meaning, the President's bold stand is all the more encouraging. For the next four years any one who talks the President's English will not go far wrong.

Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke's plea for the establishment of an American National Theater, which is to be found in *Harper's Weekly* for May 8th, also urges the inevitable fallacy that we should hasten to emulate the French. They have their Comédie Française; therefore we ought to have our National Theater. Mr. Clarke's theater is to be endowed, and from the start "free of the ordinary financial drawbacks of management." It is, in a word, to be an "institution." The first question which it occurs to us to ask apropos of this rosy project is, how Mr. Clarke will go about establishing the "dramatic center of the United States." It seems simple till one tries to do it, then he is perplexed to choose from an embarrassment of centers. The heated discussion over the site of the World's Fair proved that. The second question is, Is Mr. Clarke's statement true that "the writer for the American theater has no incentive to the higher forms of art"? Perhaps the query might be simplified by asking, what are the higher forms of art so passionately beloved of the unsuccessful dramatist, and so slighted by the managers? Time was when we had, in several eastern cities, a "Theater of Arts and Letters," of which great things were expected, but it is not now a matter of record that the only great thing that ever came of it was a great deficit. All the geniuses had their innings under the most élite literary patronage, and duller evenings were not to be spent than the ones passed in listening to their lucubrations. To all

practical intents and purposes, the Theater of Arts and Letters was an endowed playhouse; it was "free of the ordinary financial drawbacks of management." Candidly, is it reasonable to look for anything different than its fate from a National Theater? Organized to circumvent the prevailing managerial greed and vulgarity, experienced managers will necessarily be excluded from a voice in its direction; there will be no one to look after it, therefore, except the literary men: and the lettered class looked after the Theater of Arts and Letters.

But when all is said, the chief objection to Mr. Clarke's plan is, that it is based on the assumption that America has produced no dramatists and actors worthy of comparison with the French. Of course it is a matter of individual taste whether one prefers Mounet-Sully to Edwin Booth, or Coquelin to Mr. Joseph Jefferson; but with the knowledge of the remarkable achievements of these actors before us, it is impossible to accept Mr. Clarke's hypothesis in its entirety. Nor is he correct in intimating that the United States is entirely devoid of dramatists. Mr. Bronson Howard is an American, and barring certain moral differences which will continue to exist until the American character has been reformed, Mr. Howard has produced technical work worthy of comparison with that of the younger Dumas. The sum and substance of the matter is that the Théâtre Comédie Française has become an ideal to the average American mind. It has had as many unmerited virtues laid to its score as the late Mr. Travers had unuttered jokes. It is also worth noting that the influence of the Comédie is not what it used to be. Coquelin found it intolerable; Jane Hading cannot enter its august portals; Sarcey, of the critics, alone remains loyal; Lemaitre and the rest appear to be more interested in the ventures of the non-subsidized playhouses, which are thus coming to be recognized as the real nurseries of the rising young dramatists.

The polyglot editor of *The Bookman* is for the instant in a violent state of eruption, the cause being the conspicuous rôle assigned to him in the *Triumph of Death* case, in the course of which it was stated by the press that the Italian novel was translated and published on the recommendation to Professor Peck. If now appears that the sponsorship is resented, despite the fact that d'Annunzio had been the theme of not a few *Bookman* paragraphs, which, if not explicitly commendatory, might readily be mistaken for such. His portrait, if our memory serves us, was printed in its latterly prudish pages, and we have a vivid recollection of reading an article signed by one of our best-known literary women, in which a parallel was drawn between d'Annunzio and Tolstoi. If these facts, taken *en bloc*, do not spell commendation, they spell nothing. And if *The Bookman* commends, and if, as every one knows, Professor Peck is *The Bookman*, what more natural and complimentary than that it should be

stated and believed that the translation of the *Triumph of Death* was undertaken upon Professor Peck's recommendation? This is the situation as it appears to an impartial observer. Now note the ingenuity with which the rash editor meets the crisis. On page 2 of the May *Bookman* the matter is taken up. "We feel called upon to remark, that while full justice to d'Annunzio's literary power has been freely rendered in our pages, we have never, either editorially or personally, expressed any opinion, one way or the other, as to the propriety of publishing and circulating a popular edition of the book. This is a question which stands entirely apart from any literary phase of the subject." The deliverance is interesting, partly for its logic, but chiefly for the light it throws on the editorial methods followed in compiling *The Bookman*. *The Bookman* presumably call itself a popular magazine, yet it indulges in elaborate commendation of works which it cannot trust its readers to peruse, unless by chance they know Italian.

What Professor Peck defines as "the old, old question of how far the technical and artistic merit of a literary work may be urged to justify its publication, when the subject and treatment are at variance with the generally accepted standards of morality and decorum" is "briefly dealt with" in the current issue of the *Cosmopolitan* by *The Bookman's* editor. The article is entitled *A Question of Morals*, and, as we learn from its second paragraph, is to be considered as "preliminary to a fuller and more exhaustive discussion of the subject at some future time." Professor Peck's modesty is only surpassed by his generosity; the polysyllables pour from the point of his fountain-pen with the impetuous continuity of an inexhaustible river. In the present case, however, "a fuller and more exhaustive" discussion of the subject raised by the publication of the *Triumph of Death* seems to be quite unnecessary, in view of the "few fundamental thoughts" so lavishly bestowed upon the *Cosmopolitan*. Although rhetorically designated as "a few," the Professor has actually contributed only two "fundamental thoughts" to the question of morals. The first of these is, that "the interests of literary art are subserved" only on the condition that "the translation is, in its way, as fine a piece of work as the original"; and the second, that a work of art which is not in key with the generally accepted standards of morality and decorum "should not be issued in a popular edition, sold at a low price, and attainable at every bookshop." There is no lack of directness in the statement of the twin fundamentals, but a little reflection discloses the fact that in one case precision is employed to define an impossibility, while in the other it is used to evade the issue.

Who is to decide whether a translation of "a naturalistic work" (the condition seems to be

arbitrarily limited to them) is "in its way as fine a piece of work as the original"? Who can decide? It is suggested that if Mr. Henry James were to English De Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*, his translation would have "all the literary graces of the original." We agree that it would; but when Mr. James translated Daudet's *Port Tarascon*, a choir of critics denounced his version as tawdry and inaccurate, as everything, in fact, except "a piece of work as fine as the original." George Saintsbury did not consider Miss Wormsley's translations of Balzac as fine as the originals, so he ordered a set of new versions which satisfy him. Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's inelegant translation of *Quo Vadis* sins persistently on the side of vulgarity, and ought therefore, in accordance with Professor Peck's statute, to be suppressed, for the descriptions of the revels in Nero's palace certainly entitle it to be included in the category of realistic works. The list might be prolonged indefinitely. But there is no necessity. The evasion contained in the second "fundamental thought" is self-evident. For when an effort is made to suppress a book by process of law, the question is not as to the number of copies in actual circulation which may be placed there. In other words, when Mr. Richmond was dragged into court, it was not because he had published a popular edition of the *Triumph of Death*, but because, as was alleged and—disproved, he had published a novel whose immorality menaced the public morals. "This book is lude, obscene, etc.," shrieked the salaried mouthpiece of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. And the court answered with the dignity peculiar to our judiciary, "You are talking through your hat." And the matter was settled, for the time being at least, and common sense once more came to the rescue of literature. Now, suppose that Professor Peck, instead of being a witness at the trial, had occupied a chair on the bench, he would have been forced, in the interests of consistency, to have answered Anthony's blast in words about like these: "The question of the lubricity of the novel is entirely apart from the issue. The only points which can reasonably be considered by the court are: (1) Have sufficient copies of the books been issued to constitute the publication a popular edition, according to my definition? and (2) has Mr. Arthur Hornblow fulfilled the superhuman condition insisted upon by me in my *Cosmopolitan* article?" The judge would then have taken the briefs and a copy of d'Annunzio's story, and have retired to compose his decision in time for its appearance in the next number of *The Bookman*.

Fartbest North has roused the wrath of the English nonconformist. Nothing more extraordinary and unexpected in the way of criticism has happened for some time. Dr. Nansen, it appears, has not availed himself of the chance offered by this book of

travel and adventure to expound his theology and announce a belief in a divine power. The Rev. Philip Reynolds in *The Freeman*, and the editor of *The Christian Commonwealth*, are eloquent in denouncing "the godless character of the book," and the "failure of Nansen's life towards the divine side." We quote:

"In all the hundreds of pages of *Farthest North*, God is shut out! Dr. Nansen is full of admiration of nature, and some of his descriptions of the scenery of the polar realm are majestic in their diction and poetic in their style. Only once is God alluded to. That is something, of course, better than absolute atheism, but no Christian can read the book without a consciousness that the writer seems to be utterly regardless of a Creator as well as of a creation. Indeed, there are evidences that he does not really believe in a personal Deity, or in any spiritual immortality, for he calls eternity the great Nirvana! This is just how a Theosophist or a Buddhist would write."

It seems to us that such criticism is an extreme impertinence. Dr. Nansen had a right to choose to what extent his intimate personal feelings shall enter into a volume of this sort. Its character demanded such revelations only a little more than a treatise on the binomial theorem would, and Dr. Nansen probably shrinks from "indecent exposure of soul." He may or may not be a pious and devout Christian. He has done nothing which justifies this trial in a public ecclesiastical court.

We have already expressed our opinion that the present active recruiting to the vaudeville stage from the ranks of so-called "legitimate" players is no great evil, and that when a condition of equilibrium shall have been attained, people will be found to be, on the whole, very nearly where they belong. This impression is strengthened by a transfer of one's attention to the vaudeville and comic opera people who are rising to something better, as an offset to those who are sinking to their proper level. Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, from an extraordinarily inane past of extravaganza and comic opera, has come to a reputable attempt at character-playing. The latest acquisition to comedy (which seems likely to fare best by this instability of equilibrium) is Mr. Digby Bell. In a play by Mr. Augustus Thomas, intended by both author and actor as a companion piece to Mr. Goodwin's *In Mizzoura*, Mr. Bell has almost entirely divested himself of comic-opera tricks, and given an unassuming and refined impersonation of a lovable if ineffectual *Hoosier Doctor*. As he very modestly and prettily expresses it, he has no desire to drive Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Goodwin from the picture of homely sentiment, but would humbly creep within the frame. The attempt is likely to prove successful. In *The Hoosier Doctor*, not only Mr. Bell, but the greater part of his company, exhibited poise and lack of

sentimentality. Whenever the effect was forced or the thing verged towards bathos, it was almost invariably Mr. Thomas who was responsible. In this play are displayed the admirable humor and pathos which make the author of *Alabama* and *In Mizzoura* almost our first playwright, but along with them a positively irritating lack of any sense of form. Of their kind, the first two acts are wellnigh perfect, if it were not for the moments when one feels the last act impending. In this last act Mr. Thomas violates probability, changes the tone in which the whole piece was set, and slumps to a dispiriting end, only enlivened by the threadbare expedient of allowing a young child to appear in its night-clothes. If Mr. Thomas does this sort of thing willfully, he deserves sharp rebuke; if he is suffering from a congenital delight in shapelessness, he should have pity.

The sense of form indeed seems to be the rarest quality in playwrights, or the audiences to which they appeal. Faulty construction is the most evident fault of modern plays, and the thing least often remarked upon when the public discusses the drama. The average theater-goer simply does not understand what the word "construction" means, and this is perhaps not strange in a country where we are trained to regard Shakespeare as the one example of human infallibility. We are inclined to accept the light coherence of the jellyfish structure as being amply sufficient for all our needs, and the "continuous show" has furnished a model which pleases those people who take the stage lightly, and "go only to be amused." Mr. Sothorn's *Enemy to the King* had some popular interludes of low comedy and "knock-about" acts, and Mr. Drew, after the curtain has fallen on *Rosemary*, gives a charming little "sketch" of an old man, which he calls, somewhat inappropriately, Act IV.

This spring a well-known publishing house was preparing to issue a volume of short stories which seemed to them to demand an illuminated cover. This they prepared at some trouble and expense, securing the design from a well-known artist, and printing it in various colors and gold. The book was then offered to the trade for advance sale. The design included what was considered an attractive nude female figure, and this caused all the trouble. The New York booksellers, it is alleged, refused to give any orders on the book unless the cover was changed. The publishers have, in consequence, been forced to provide a new cover, and suppress the old, which thus becomes an interesting literary relic.

It is not our purpose to discuss the wisdom of this action of the booksellers. Intelligent argument would require the reproduction of the design in question to convict. But the assurance of this deli-

cate spirit among booksellers does suggest the possibility of some greatly to be desired reforms. If newsdealers would tear out from the periodicals they sell the "living-picture" advertisements which aid to disseminate underwear and soap, they would be doing a brave work for refinement, if not decency. The artistic value of the nude, when properly treated, is perhaps beyond question. But the compromise effected by the use of some "union garment" or other does not seem to us to have been proven matter for artistic portrayal. Month by month our advertisements verge more closely on indelicacy, and no protest is raised.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's book, *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, is enjoying a delightful "Indian summer" of success. The booksellers say that, beginning about six months ago, the demand for it (which had naturally fallen off somewhat since its first success) has been steadily increasing, until it is now perhaps greater than it has ever before been. This happens occasionally with a book, but the stimulus is usually some external circumstance, as when the dramatization of the books made sales livelier for *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. In the case of *The Honorable Peter Stirling* the cause is apparently the discovery in it of real merit by the public.

It will be well for the newspaper critic to say a few more kind words for romance before she begins to curse it. Literary fashions are very short-lived nowadays, and there are signs already that within a year or two the pretty flock of reviewers will be running away from romance, crying "unnatural," as they ran away from realism a few years ago, crying "unclean." For some time now the public has endeavored to persuade itself that it was happy in being carried out of real life (this was the favorite phrase) into a region of elementary psychology and slashed doublets. Anything irrelevant and impertinent to actual existence produced the flush of pleasure which is now seen to become hectic and unsteady. Everywhere the author who had "reduced writing to a business basis" set his pot boiling merrily, and the reader swam gaily in a swirl of adventurous novels. That natation in this flood was wearying even the "fiction fiends" has for a time been evident to some observers, but the fact has not been publicly admitted in any popular medium of expression. *The Ladies Home Journal* is not especially open to the influence of the *Zeitgeist*, so that it is deeply significant when "Droch" voices such an opinion in its pages. To be sure, Mr. Bridges is an extraordinarily sane person, but even he might have been expected to say this to the limited constituency of some literary paper, rather than at the hearth of the great populace.

ROMANS IN DORSET

(To A. B.)

STUPOR was on the heath,
And wrath along the sky;
Space everywhere; beneath,
A flat and treeless wold for us, with darkest noon on high.

A sullen peace below,
But storm in upper air!
The wind from long ago,
In moldy chambers of the cloud, had ripped an arras there,

And singed the triple gloom,
And let through, in a flame,
Crowned faces of old Rome:
Regnant o'er Rome's abandoned ground, processional they came.

Uprisen like any sun,
Thro' vistas hollow gray,
Aloft, and one by one,
In brazen casques, the Emperors loomed large, and sank away.

In ovals of wan light,
Each warrior eye and mouth:
A pageant brutal bright,
As if, once over, loudly passed Jove's laughter in the south;

And dimmer, these among,
Some cameo'd head aloof,
With ringlets heavy-hung,
As golden stone-crop comely grows around the castle roof.

An instant; gusts again,
Then heaven's impacted wall,
The hot insistent rain,
The thunder-shock: and of the Past mirage no more at all.

No more the alien dream
Pursuing, as we went,
With glory's cursèd gleam;
Nor sins of Cæsar's ruined line engulfed us, innocent.

The vision, great and dread,
Corroded; sole in view
Was empty Egdon spread,
Her crimson summer weeds ashake in tempest: but we knew

What Tacitus had borne
In that wrecked world, we saw;
And what, thine heart upturn,
My Juvenal! distraught with love of violated Law.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE LITERARY PILGRIMAGE AND THE YOUTH'S PROGRESS

IN taking count of to-day it is quite possible sometimes to overestimate the documentary value of yesterday; the clue to the man is by no means always furnished by his father, the child. But in the study of contemporary French letters, the only method that will apply is that of a literary embryology. The French mind of to-day is elusive, yet it has so regularly evolved, that the youth very accurately makes the man. Too often the man ceases to make himself. The literary life is based on a few wonderful years of early manhood, in whose rich harvest lies the secret of the aftergrowth that so often escapes us just because we do not study these years. The way to know where the French man of letters has arrived, is to begin by finding out how he arrived. In his country there is a fairly regular literary pilgrimage, and it is not difficult to trace the Youth's Progress. The man is often a failure; the youth cannot be, while he has his staff and scrip. Besides, the great man's privilege of dozing has been so much extended since Homer's time that it often is only fair to suppose that the successful men of letters were more interesting with their travel-stains, in the stress, and while the storm blew.

Indeed, a certain strenuousness is the charm of the literary pilgrimage. The Youth makes a tremendous start, and begins at the heroic stage. He is refreshingly intolerant and an exquisite zealot. The Philistine grows amusingly indignant with him, and the experienced and kindly are delightedly amused. For it is generous not to exclaim, "A pose!" The Youth's impulse may work out into affectations, but it springs genuinely, and is so largely made up of the element of devotion that it must command some sympathies. It is the ungrudging expression of welcome influences, the reflection of a light that illumines the Youth's first steps. Only precise cavillers mind if the rays return distorted. The men and the causes the Youth burns to die for, half the world cares too little about to attack. Yet the Youth's ill-adapted generosity is worth more than a sneer. To the right-minded it is a delight to see him enthusiastically drag the tail of his coat, and only mean spirits will tread on it ill-temperedly.

The period of flamboyant simplicity and simple-minded pose dates from the Youth's initiation. He hears for the first time what is the modern heroic cry in letters, and exults in echoing it. His pilgrimage begins with revelations which he burns to share with the world. The wonderful garden of letters is new: let all come and wonder with the novice at the fruits and the flowers in his hands. A primeval appetite has prompted him to pluck those whose grand colour and rich perfume appealed most to his instinct. There is the splendid melancholy of

Alfred de Vigny; Baudelaire's strength; the dazzling art of Edgar Allan Poe; Villiers de l'Isle Adam, whose insight goes deep, and whose thought soars to superb heights; Barbey d'Aurévilly, heady and magnificent. He crushes them all into his cup, with a boy's carelessness of mixing. Add Hugo's sturdy spirit, imbued almost into the child, a fainter remembrance of Lamartine, a mere dash of Musset's *Nuits*, and the charm is made whole. No wonder heads of nineteen are turned and views of life are kaleidoscopic, if you consider how such a wine must work on quivering brains. This is the magic of letters which makes thought a wanton. It flies to the ends of art and harks back to metaphysics, dallies with subtle artificialities and reverts to primitive passions, steeped in tragedy, plays with satire, and is in dead earnest all the while. In which lies its gain. Not the facts of a case or a philosophy, but its emotion and a mood, are the fruits of the Youth's first experience; a mind not yet provided with an aim, but already tempered to pursue one. *Axël*, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, the *Diaboliques*, the *Contes Cruels*, Poe's *Tales*, Vigny's poems, are among what the Youth first plucked in the garden. What he breathes in with their scent is the heroic and passionate spirit of letters.

The Youth has now a will. It remains but to find the way. A few more discoveries in this wonder-world of his lead him to it. He has still a giant or two to cope with, having hewn his path through the virgin forests of his own country. Faust entangles him a while, but he passes on to Carlyle, where he finds more to gather. Congenial Hero-Worship he grasps and devours; it is all, however, except a choice flower or two of irony from the Pamphlets, yet it is enough, since Heroes are his religion. But his course is now shaping itself, for Carlyle soon has too plain a taste. Shelley and Emerson, an intoxicating find, lie before him, and he is beginning to understand that his thirst is for the transcendental. He drinks long and deep at Epipsychidion and the Oversoul. Having drunk, he sees his way, stretching above him to perilous heights. But the heroic lesson of *Axël* bears up his strength. Besides, from Emerson onward, the turning-point, his way at least lies clear, however steep. The Youth's pilgrimage is now the scaling of idealism.

Maeterlinck in reality took up the thread of Emerson's philosophy. So the "Belgian Shakespeare" is one of the Youth's revelations. It comes first by way of the *Princesse Maleine*, and the *Seven Princesses*, or *Pelléas and Mélisande*, but makes sure its hold with the preface to the *Ornement des Noces Spirituelles de Ruysbroeck le Vénérable*. The *Trésor des Humbles*, more clearly Emersonian, would have proved as potent had it been brought out in time, instead of last year. As it was, the seed of mysticism had been sown already, or rather the mystic instinct had been awakened. At this stage the Youth is a very absolute pilgrim, and climbs the

glaciers of things in themselves. Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists are bidden to strengthen the impulse the modern mystic gave. The heroic appetite the Youth began with is less for the art of letters now than for the literature of metaphysics, but every whit as keen. Along with the Alexandrian Greeks, Novalis is set upon and devoured, but other Germans prove too tough; Schelling, who would gasp if he knew, too matter of fact. The logic of sublime sound is more to the Youth's taste. *Parsifal*, more, however, from a literary than a musical standpoint, is discovered, and many a pilgrim must emulate *Der reine Thor*. It would be an unkindness to inquire how deep this spirit springs from below the surface, and it is only fair to keep to the evidence of personal appearances and of print. There is plenty of it. If there be aught in a name, the editors of such magazines as *Le Saint Graal*, *Psyche*, *Le Lotus*, *L'Annonciation*, *Le Rêve et l'Idée*, are mystics, or were till the leaflets withered. The assumption is borne out by the fact that several, one Saint-Georges de Bouhélier for instance, advertised their periodicals as *pages d'amour et de rêve entièrement rédigées* by themselves, or found a variety of other ways of expressing the same mystic one-man one-magazine principle. Further, were the Youth at this stage to have feigned realism, which he did not, his looks, even more, would have given him the lie. He may be said to have worn his soul upon his sleeve. I dried, pressed, and kept carefully an impression gathered once at Bailly's, who publishes occult letters in the lively broad daylight of the Chausée d'Antin, of a wan and pink-haired spirit that floated in, prayed in faded accents for a copy of *Le bosquet de Psyché*, and melted away. There can be no doubt that this was a vision of the Pilgrim Youth.

It is very certain the Neo-Platonists' "ecstasis" can be but a poor straw to catch at in this latter day, with so many realities to grasp and hold or go under. The Youth felt this obscurely. Among the clouds he grew homesick for the earth. The suspicion came that ideals were meant to be realized. Two impulses stirred dimly in his mind. There was Baudelaire's bitter outcry echoed against "a world where Doing is no kin to Dreaming." There was also a lurking desire to enter into the organized systems of human forces which time has long since sanctioned and set in working order. The outcome was the Catholic revival, which, however, as far as the Youth is concerned, revived but to die a more thorough death. In point of historical fact, Neo-Catholicism began at a banquet seven years ago, when the Vicomte de Vogüé, who also evidenced his mysticism by founding the "Bock idéal" society, toasted the alliance of church and young France, and was cheered by the *Association des Étudiants* his host, and echoed by M. Henri Bérenger, the chairman. The new spirit of the Roman Church, as shown in Papal encyclicals, fed the alliance; the

influence of the American Catholic clergy, and the enlightened doctrine of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, were hailed with enthusiasm. Free-thinking at heart, young France applauded the Parliament of Religions. How short-lived the alliance was, however, is shown by M. Henri Bérenger's statement a month or so ago that French youth is henceforth uncompromisingly "anti-clerical." These are particulars of a case. The generalized conclusion is that the Pilgrim Youth's literary way lies for a space through austere cloisters, and follows the ancient and established road that leads to Rome. He enters on holy war armed with a magazine of his own which he may call *La Lutte, revue d'art catholique*, if he likes, there being a precedent. Or, like the Sar Péladan, he makes an offering to the Holy See of all his works (ever since he left the heroic stage he has been strewing his path with MSS.), undertaking to burn whatever the Council of the Index Expurgatorius may object to. Notwithstanding which he never gets to Rome. *L'Art et la Vie*, founded by Henri Bérenger and Firmin Roz with the idea of carrying their Emersonianism into practice by upholding what was called Neo-Catholicism, and was a kind of French Puseyism and Newman movement combined, now is committed only to the "religion of the inward life," outwardly hostile to the clergy. *L'Ermitage*, once a very monastery in the hands of its first editor, Henri Mazel, an unflinching Catholic, is a mere temple of letters, now that M. Ducoté is high priest.

On leaving the Church, the Youth goes over to the religion of the literary man. So far there has been an ethical element in his faith. He was in turns heroic, mystic, a politician even, literary pilgrim though he be. But now the love of letters shall be his only care. Like Mallarmé at Oxford he exclaims, "La littérature seule existe!" and disregards Verlaine's contemptuous cry, "Et tout le reste est littérature." In the heroic stage he almost laughed at the craft of letters. What his heroes said was all he cared for. How they said it is his occupation now, and he studies technique, who snapped his fingers at it. That alone exists. The *Parnassiens*, in whose eyes perfection of verse was the height of poesy, and who suffered contumely for thinking so at the hands of the Youth, did not bide their time in vain. The Youth builds a new Parnassus as exclusive as Théophile Gautier's. Only it is built, not of alexandrines and other traditional metres, but of *vers libres*. How many and how subtle *artes poeticae* of the new *vers libre* have been sketched out in conversation is impossible to say. That none has yet been written is explained, the Youth says, when the stupendousness of such an attempt is considered. That the beauty of lawless verse is a thing of the spirit the Youth fails to see, and he labours to acquire the spontaneity of Viélé-Griffin. There is more hope for him in the study of Stuart Merrill (two of the most typical of French

men of letters properly so-called are Americans), who gives less free a rein to his verse. At all events the Youth's ambition is to publish in the *Mercur de France*, where no ethical element disturbs the serenity of letters, and he emulates Mercurians, past and present: Henri de Régnier, apostle of the new technique, and fit son-in-law to a *Parnassien*; Paul Fort, who is literary in artfully naive ballads; Gustave Kahn, who is naively complex; Pierre Louÿs, erudite in letters; Albert Samain, whom the new technique has hardly influenced, the old, however, considerably; and a hundred others who borrow the pattern of the French Mercury's wings. The Youth at this stage is wedded to letters for good.

But his way grows even narrower. Paris is less than Parnassus, even the new Parnassus, less than the poet's "Ivory Tower," which jeering *jeunes* build up again half unconsciously on a plan of their own. For Paris it is that besets now the pilgrim youth. The spirit of the most self-centred set in the world becomes his religion, and the youth's new "ism" is Parisianism, which is as marked a phase of thought as any other. This is not the atmosphere of the boulevards; the man in Piccadilly is not the last thing in Londoners. The youth breathes a compound air with a dash only of the traditional *boulevardier's* atmosphere, but his ideas are unmistakably tinged. He takes a peculiar delight in the blending of reflexion and flippancy, breadth or thought, and whimsical prejudice, such as Paris has the knack of. This literary conversing of Paris, where life in its aspects of greatest complexity seems so deftly and easily handled, and where what men look upon as its light sides appear to gain a new seriousness from being unexpectedly viewed through philosophical methods, will put his ideas in proper trim and teach him how to work them. So he strains his brain to fit it into the Parisian mould, prunes off pitilessly every tendency Paris considers tiresome, and studiously acquires all the little absurdities of mind Paris is so proud of.

The Youth's return to Paris, which he first wished for wings to fly from; and to the boulevards, which he would in his heroic stage have blasted for a sink of flippancy, follows upon his literary period not altogether unconnectedly. It is not a far cry from the poses of a craft to the affectations of a set, and the youth is apt to fall into both. As a fact, in what he worshipped as pure letters he might already have detected much the interest of which was well-nigh only Parisian. M. Pierre Louÿs revives the Greek decadence with what seems exquisite literary erudition, and his style is delusively Alexandrian, but the truth is his Aphrodite, and his Chloris, even Bilitis, whose song he first sang (and his voice has never been as true since), are to be seen at L'Œuvre of an evening and driving in the Bois by day. Again, just as only a Parisian can catch the full meaning of what M. Louÿs's Greek

hetairæ say, so it is quite impossible to appreciate, outside of Paris, the latest success of to-day, M. Ernest Lajeunesse.

That many youths are in the Parisian stage, is shown by the mushroom-like rapidity with which M. Lajeunesse sprang into fame. An ironical turn of mind, adapted with marvellous suppleness to its environment, and an astounding cocksureness, such as are exhibited in *Les Nuits, les Ennuis, et les Ames de nos plus notoires contemporains*, a book of parodies, where the irony is dazzling, and *L'Imitation de Notre Maître Napoléon*, where the cocksureness is even more remarkable, were bound (as M. Lajeunesse no doubt well knew) to win over youths tired of being "intense." Others play the same strain, like M. Jean de Tinan, who exemplifies the Parisian knack of playfully, but half seriously, entering into mountainous considerations of a molehill of an idea by treating at length of *Mlle. Cléo de Mérode, de l'Opéra, considérée comme symbole populaire*. But the worst of it is, the thing gets overdone, and the Pilgrim Youth all at once finds himself in the land of the Palais Royal farce, which in any case is not the form of Parisianism he ever meant harking back to.

On the brink of the *boulevardier* spirit, an abyssal habit of mind from which no one recovers, the Youth, whose pilgrimage is a series of shocks, has a rude awakening. The voice that calls him is one no Parisian can understand, and which the Youth himself only dully hears, but he obeys it. There is something so utterly foreign and new to the Parisian youth in Walt Whitman, that being still un-Parisian enough to welcome new impressions he gasps, having welcomed this one, and plucks leaves of grass the rest of the way. He will cast literature and dogma and Paris to the winds and be the Divine Average. With this prompting he finds nearer home quite a nucleus of new "Naturalists." They derive in a small measure from the old, and from Émile Zola who made the name, but they disown the connection, and this propitiates the Youth. He must have a new world around him at each new revelation of his. For that matter, there is originality enough in Émile Verhaeren to make a new world, as far as new worlds in this sense go, although he is quite content to be only a poet, and had no part in the christening of the new literary three-decker. Nor, indeed, had the teller of strange tales, George Eekhoud, albeit nothing loth to get on board and take a hand at the helm. This is enough to show the craft is Belgian, but it has sailed of late in French waters. The Youth follows, Whitman in hand, in its wake. Others come also. But their tack differs — by the length of a syllable. "Naturists," not New "Naturalists," are M. Maurice Leblond, who, on the strength of his twenty summers, writes with quite an experienced pen concerning the value of spring-tide and the worth of love, and M. Saint-Georges de Bouhéliér, already mentioned, whom M. Leblond avers to have "inherited Beethoven's rustic

pipes" (though he only writes, and writes in prose), and who has converted the introspective mysticism of his earlier years (say seventeen) into a mystic philosophy of nature, set forth in the most startling and obscure of styles. *Le Rêve et l'Idée*, their first joint periodical venture, has accordingly, of late, become *Documents sur le Naturisme*.

Perusing these documents the Youth "returns to Nature." Fortunately, he has others. He even has a leaf or two from Edward Carpenter, those that have been translated. Being, however, a literary pilgrim, he does not go back literally to nature. That is quite another question. His point is that he has discovered Whitman, mixed with Verhaeren, the poet of strenuous modernity, learnt to sympathize with younger seekers after the modern poetic spirit (Ruijters and Van de Putte, for instance, whose *Art Jeune* has merged into the more combative *Cog Rouge* which George Eekhoud eggs on to the fray), and added to his pilgrim's scroll, without prejudice of course to the record of his previous evolutionary stages.

By this time the Youth is fitted for the man's journey.
LAURENCE JERROLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

TWO NEGLECTED BOOKS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK—*Dear Sir:*

IT is a source of surprise to me that when our publishers reprint so many poor English novels they should have passed by two which seem to me absorbingly interesting, and which are also admirable as regards local coloring and historic flavor. They are both by a young American authoress now resident in England, Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney. Both are historical novels, their scenes being laid in the most picturesque period of English history, the great Revolution which hurled Charles I from his throne. Each has for its center one of the most picturesque figures of that Revolution; *Kathleen Clare* being based on the fortunes of the Earl of Strafford, and *Miriam Cromwell* on those of Prince Rupert. They have much of the thrilling interest which belongs to Conan Doyle's historical novels, with the special characteristic that each of them is written from the point of view of a young girl, who is thrown, not by her own choice, amid scenes of great activity and importance. Both these books would have especial value as subsidiary reading in schools where English history is studied, and they ought by all means to be reprinted. They are published by William Blackwood, London and Edinburgh.

T. W. HIGGINSON.



THE TAMING OF DODO

By E. F. BENSON

MISS GRANTHAM had secured what she called "five minutes edgeways" with Dodo on the second night of the bazaar. This meant that Dodo talked to six people at once, of whom she was one, firing sentences off at each in turn with moderate regularity and inconceivable rapidity. Her minute guns to Miss Grantham formed a fairly coherent whole, and were something to this effect:

"Of course, I shan't allow Edith to *boulder*; it is quite intolerable that she should do that. I think she must have got what they call a nonconformist conscience. I mean her conscience won't let her conform to what everybody else conforms to—me, for instance. Yes, Grantie, I know she's a perfect darling, but perfect darlings have always something rather queer and cornery about them—how do you call them? Polygonal figure, is n't it?—Edith has n't a very good figure. She's like one of those india-rubber faces which you squeeze together—all features, and not enough room for them. She tucks her music under one arm, gets on her bicycle, and slides over Bertie, if you know what I mean—and, oh, do you know the way her eyes become like large, bright buttons when she is busy nonconforming? I shall certainly go to see her to-morrow morning: no, I'm not the least afraid, thanks, and shall talk to her quite beautifully, like a sheep that was lost. Are you going there too? Then tell her that she may expect me, and that it will be not the slightest good her saying she is out. Besides, I make an appointment with her, so she must keep it. I shall allow her to be a sort of moral dentist to me, and tell me that my morals want stopping."

Accordingly, next morning Grantie went to see Edith, whom she found in her private and particular room. Edith had insisted on an unwritten agreement between herself and Bertie when they married, that she was to be allowed a room where no one might come unless she wished. Bertie had agreed, on condition that he might have one too, and the house was consequently divided into his *chez-moi* and her *chez-moi*, and neutral or common ground on which they entertained their friends. Edith kept Miss Grantham waiting, on principle, for a few minutes, at the end of which she was admitted, to find Edith scoring the music of a symphony. The table at which she worked had grown pyramidal in shape, owing to an accumulation of various materials on it, and Edith worked about half way up. A bicycle stood in one corner of the room, and a book-case with the complete Badminton Series in another. The window was wide open, and an exceedingly cold draught whistled round the room, occasionally fluttering the outlines of the pyramid. Edith did not look up as Grantie entered.

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"Good-morning, Edith," said Grantie politely.

"Morning. What do you want?"

Grantie walked across to the window, shut it, and sat down gracefully on the window-seat.

"I wanted to see you—pure affection; no less and no more," she said, "though you do put your friends a little lower than your bicycle, and a great deal lower than your music."

Edith did not reply, except to murmur, "Then the flutes take it up," and Grantie went on, in a slow, persuasive voice.

"What was I saying? Oh, yes, Dodo was a great success last night. She came to the ball, you know. Really she *is* successful. It must be so nice to be sure that every one who knows you is talking about you, and that every one who does n't is doing the same, and pretending they do. Really, the proper study of mankind is Dodo. Now I can't help wondering—"

Edith laid down her pen.

"Grantie, have you come here just to talk about Dodo?" she asked.

"Oh, no: I have a lot to say to you. Oh, by the way, Dodo said that I was to tell you to expect her this morning, and that it was no use your pretending to be out. Has she been yet? I'm rather late."

Edith frowned, and rang the bell.

"If any one calls," she said to the man, "say I am out. Any one, mind."

Miss Grantham was a little tired with her dance the night before, and only sighed gently; but realizing that the meeting between the two might be interesting, resigned herself to be battered by Edith in monosyllables till Dodo appeared. She had taken up an old number of a magazine, and laid it open, among the advertisements, upside down, on her lap. Edith, who was rather vexed at having been interrupted at all, and who was boiling with indignation at the thought of Dodo's further intrusion, waited for her to speak, in order to have the opportunity of contradicting her. But after a minute or two it appeared equally possible to contradict the meaning of Grantie's silence.

"You seem to think," she said, "that I am going to do as Dodo tells me; and that just because other people are delighted to see her back, I too shall welcome her, Grantie," she continued, with growing emphasis, violently dotting a crotchet as if she were stabbing it; "how little you know me!"

"You must remember that I never said anything of the sort," said Grantie mildly, but facing round a little.

"No, but you implied," said Edith.

Grantie, knowing in her own mind that she was willing to lay odds on Dodo, was silent a minute. "It would be as good as—as a theatrical representation to see you and Dodo meet," she said at last.

"I suppose you mean a play?" remarked Edith, and took up her pen again.

But Grantie did not notice this last shot at her; she had seen Dodo's carriage draw up at the house from her seat in the window, and she waited with immense interest for developments. She found herself regarding the upside-down magazine in the absent way one looks at a programme just before the curtain at a theatrical representation goes up.

The first development was the footman, who had been told to say that Edith was out. He seemed a little flustered and nervous.

"The Princess Waldeneck to see you, 'm," he said.

Edith looked up, and, in case Dodo was on the landing,

"I told you to say I was out," she said with great distinctness.

"Yes, 'm, I did. But the Princess told me she thought not."

Any further discussion was saved by the entrance of Dodo herself.

"I was told you were out, dear," she said, "but I thought it safer to see for myself, because sometimes that means so little, and is so misleading. Oh, I know the Englishwoman's house is her castle, but I really wanted to see you very much. What a nice castle! Hullo, Grantie, the top of the morning to you. Grantie, dear, will you please go away, and sit in the servants' hall or something, till I've finished talking to Edith?"

"I'm not at all sure that you are going to talk to me," said Edith, as stiff as a poker.

"Dear Edith, I have come here to convince you of it," said Dodo. "Now please go, Grantie."

Grantie rose gracefully and unwillingly, and Dodo shut the door behind her. Then there was silence, Dodo being busy arranging her thoughts, Edith stiff and truculent, but, despite herself, a little interested. But this she put away as a weakness unworthy of her.

"As you may have heard," said Dodo, "I have come back. Candidly, I think people are glad to see me."

"So I have heard," said Edith, simply incapable, now Dodo had forced an entrance, of not treating her to a little candour. "I am told that you whistled to all your old friends, and they came running after you like sheep."

"I never whistled to a sheep," remarked Dodo parenthetically.

"But you may whistle till you burst," continued Edith, with vehemence, "before I come running after you."

Dodo sighed, and drew off her gloves.

"Dear Edith, I never meant to whistle for you, for I have always known that you are not one with whom whistling succeeds. Please give me a cigarette,—I can talk more with a cigarette, though I can talk a little without. I knew I should have to see you, and explain things."

Edith laughed.

"Thanks, I do not want things explained to me," she said. "I am perfectly satisfied that I have a very tolerably clear idea of what happened. In fact, it was not a private matter. And now," she concluded, "I am going into another room. When you are tired of stopping here, will you please ring the bell? and the man will show you out."

Dodo walked quietly to the door, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and sat down.

"Now, Edith, do n't be angry," she said. "I am determined to talk to you, and you may be certain I shall. It's no use your ringing the bell, for they will have to send for a blacksmith, or a locksmith, or whoever does that sort of thing, and by the time he is here, I shall have finished."

Edith stared at her a moment.

"I think you are mad," she said, and sat down again to her work.

Dodo was silent a moment longer, deliberating intently with herself, and then broke out into speech.

"How can you treat me like this?" she said. "How dare you behave in such a narrow and conventional manner? Really, Edith, you are surely learning to be an understudy for Mrs. Grundy. Not that I object to respectability, in the least, — in fact, I respect it very much, but you are presuming to judge me without knowing a single thing of what has happened. It is Mrs. Grundy's infallibility on questions of which she is ignorant that offends me in her and you."

Edith again felt a little interested. After all, Dodo was not often tedious, and why not have a quarter of an hour's talk with her, which might be entertaining, and which would certainly fail to convince her? But for the present she merely drummed with her hands on the table, and said, not to Dodo, but to the ambient air,

"I was never called Mrs. Grundy before."

"How you can sit there and pass judgment on me, when you know nothing of what has happened — nothing from the inside, at any rate — is incomprehensible!" said Dodo. "Have you no better notion of friendship, or loyalty, than that?"

"I do n't pass judgment on you," said Edith. "I am completely indifferent as to what you do. No doubt we shall often meet, in other houses. I shall not leave the room when you enter it, and I daresay I shall sit and talk to you as friends talk—"

"Friends!" interrupted Dodo. "Heaven help us! are the indifferent people one meets like that, friends? Is that your idea of friendship? Were we only friends like that? And if more, what do you suppose loyalty means?"

"Then I will put it differently," said Edith. "And if you find my words unpleasant, you must remember that I did not insist on this interview."

"No, dear, I confess you did n't insist on it," remarked Dodo, with the ghost of a smile.

"What I have to say is this, continued Edith

inexorably. "I do not care for the society of a woman who has behaved as you behaved to Jack. Is that your idea of loyalty?"

"Jack has forgiven me," said Dodo.

"Because one person is a weak fool," remarked Edith, "there is no moral obligation for me to be a weak fool too."

"Poor, dear Jack!" murmured Dodo. "Let us leave him out."

"You seem to leave him out pretty completely," said Edith.

Dodo clasped her hands together.

"Edith, do n't speak to me like that," she said. "Sharp words never mended a matter."

"I do not wish to mend this matter," she said. "It is irreparable. You seem to think your friends

are like gloves; you can put them on, and then pull them off and throw them down if you like, to pick them up again afterwards, if it suits you to choose to do so."

Dodo turned on her sharply.

"Ah, you are unfair, you are atrociously unfair!" she cried. "When did I ever cast off a friend? Is it like me at all to drop people who have been my friends?"

Edith hesitated a moment.

"No; I am sorry I said that," she replied. "It is not like you."

A tap came at the door, and Miss Grantham's voice, with a plaintive patience, demanded admittance.

"You've been ever so long," she said. "May n't I come in?"

Edith hesitated.

"No, Grannie," she replied at length. "Go away, please."

"Thank you," said Dodo, looking up at Edith.

Then, after a pause, and with a more rapid and rather tremulous voice:

"You see how it is, Edith," she said. "You make hasty judgments in your own mind about me like that, and unless I am here to contradict you, you endorse them and docket them, and put them away in your mind as things proved and demonstrated. And when my name comes up, you look at the Dodo drawer and find I am disloyal and drop my friends. You are horribly unfair; and about the great matter, on which you are unfairer of all, you know nothing, absolutely nothing. You have judged hastily and superficially. Just because you are strong and self-sufficient yourself, and love your music, and Bertie, and bicycling, you think all others have an equal abundance of soul-filling material at command. Because you yourself love Bertie in a comfortable roast-beef-slap-on-the-back way, you think there is no other kind of love. You do not know that a woman can be carried off her feet, whirled away impotently. To be swept away in spite of one's self, best self, worst self, alike, to be — ah! what is the good of my talking to you?"

You will not understand, and I don't think you want to."

Edith was distinctly interested. She had listened to Dodo at first with an air of an *entre* at a play, and a certain silent applause she gave her was given as by a critic to an actor. Surely she was acting. Yet why should she act to so meagre an audience? And if she was not acting, it was certainly a reason the more for listening to her. By degrees the probability of its genuineness grew on her. Dodo, she could not help feeling, at any rate thought herself in earnest; and when, at the end of her speech, she looked at her for a moment with hopeless appeal in her eyes, Edith was touched. And Edith was right. Dodo was perfectly in earnest, and though she put the truth in the most effective way she could think of, it was the truth for all that, though most carefully dressed up, and entirely fit for public appearance. Edith got up from her chair, and sat herself down in one closer to Dodo.

"Try to explain it to me, Dodo," she said. "I will listen to you, which at first I was not willing to do. But now I think you care that I should."

Dodo made a mental note that at last Edith had called her by her name, and went on.

"It is simply what I say," she continued. "I was blind, deaf, dumb; I could not, I was morally incapable of resisting. If Waldeneck had told me to throw myself out of the window instead of coming to Paris with him, I should have done it. I might have begged for a minute to put on my hat, but I should have done it. He is strong—good heavens! he is strong. You do n't understand what that means—to find some one stronger than yourself, and who can beat down resistance as an iron bar can beat down a weaker thing."

"No, I do n't," said Edith. "I believe one has free will always and continually; one need do nothing unless one chooses."

Dodo stared silently before her, smoothing out the creases in her gloves.

"That is a very comfortable idea," she said, "and, like most comfortable ideas, perfectly impracticable. Free will ceases the moment you meet somebody stronger than yourself! and I—" Again she stopped, her voice trembling.

"What is the matter, Dodo?" said Edith. "I do n't in the least understand why you should have come here. Surely you have enough friends! Are you not happy?"

"Happy?" Dodo burst into a mirthless laugh, and then, without a sign or a word of warning, buried her face in her hands and burst into tears—hopeless, desolating sobs, like a child over a broken toy. At that Edith melted altogether, and jumped up with a face full of helpless concern.

"Oh, Dodo, what can I do?" she asked. Shall I—shall I play to you? or will you have a cigarette? Only do n't cry like that."

Edith ransacked her brain to remember how peo-

ple behaved to her when she cried, but she could recollect no instance of her ever having done so. Meantime, Dodo, with an absolute disregard of lace and gloves and hat, sat crushed together in her chair, abandoning herself to what was partly a relief, but wholly natural; and Edith offered her cigarettes and a smelling-bottle, and walked about agitatedly.

Her fit stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and she sat up, put her hat straight, and blew her nose. "There, I am better," she said; "and we will go on talking. Happy! Oh, Edith, you do n't know that man. He is a brute, I tell you,—a brute. He offends me, and grates on me. I believe I am not naturally prudish," with a slight return to her normal manner; "but he shocks me. I came home last night. He was sitting up for me; he was drunk, he was beastly drunk, and he said abominable things to me. Thank God, I am less afraid of him now. At first he paralyzed me. I could do nothing but what he told me; but now, though he gets his own way, he does n't always get it in the way he likes best. I said to him last night what I should n't have dared to say a year ago. I—"

"Oh, stop, stop," cried Edith. "He is your husband. Can you not be loyal to any one?"

"Yes, I know he is my husband," said Dodo; "but that is his concern, not mine. It was his doing, and no other's. Loyal! Is an animal loyal to its trainer? Are lions loyal to those hideous women in tights who crack whips at them? Why, they are afraid, that is all; and if they cease to be afraid—well, you have a sensational little paragraph in the papers next day. He made me afraid—I married him for that reason; but now I am less afraid. Oh, there will be no sensational paragraphs—there is nothing so vulgar as washing your dirty linen in public. But never mind about that. I came to be friends with you, and I have told you what I should only tell to a great friend. And I have cried, and I feel better. I do not often cry, and I never do it on purpose."

Edith laughed.

"Oh, Dodo, really I did n't suspect you of it!"

Dodo sat up and continued smoothing her ruffled plumes.

"Are you sure? Are you quite sure?" she asked.

"For, indeed, there was no enormity you would not have been willing to believe of me when I came in. Oh, there's Grantie knocking again. Let her in, Edith. Where's the key-catch?"

Miss Grantham came in, looking a little ill-used, having been excluded from the performance; but curiosity conquered pride, and she looked at Dodo with raised eyebrows and intense expectation.

"Yes, we've had a very nice time, have n't we, Edith?" she said in answer; "and we are all a happy family again, and I'm the white elephant. We talked about free will, and we both agreed—at least, now I come to think of it, we did n't; and we told

each other a quantity of secrets, and settled that two was company, and three was more company, and so we let you in. Oh, we're going to have quite a lot of company on Friday next—of course you will come, Edith? Bring Bertie too,—no, on the whole, do n't, because I think we have n't got enough finger-glasses. It is the Queen's birthday, and as Count Vramhoff is away, Waldeneck has to make the speech; he says he's sure that the Queen has at least two birthdays a year, and he hates making speeches, and he says nobody enjoys listening to them. But then, he is naturally modest."

"Modesty is a pose," said Miss Grantham, with an air of finality. "Of course, everybody poses, and it is all right enough; and the really commonest pose is to pose as being natural."

Dodo drew on her gloves, with her head a little on one side.

"No; you're wrong," she said. "I do n't pose: I do n't think Edith poses. Yes, I'm sure Edith does n't pose."

"You both do. You both have the natural pose." Edith gasped.

"Grantie, you have said the silliest thing I have ever heard," she remarked.

"Well, I gave you credit for posing," remarked Grantie. "It is not decent not to pose, and I do n't know what other pose you have. It is like having no gloves on."

Dodo laughed.

"Dear Grantie, do n't be so natural," she said. "Come and drive with me in my carriage. I am going to go round by the park, and home for lunch. You shall have lunch too, and see the world-wide performing Austrian menagerie. We all do our tricks, and Waldeneck stands in the middle with a whip, like that man at the circus,—how do you call him?—the—the *écuyer*,—and sees we do them perfectly."

Grantie looked up.

"I think that sounds interesting," she said. "Yes, I will come. Do you usually do your tricks well?"

"Admirably. My trick is to prevent people talking to him, or rather to save him talking to 'other brutes,' as he says. Consequently I am at my best. Yes, modesty is certainly a pose, and I have n't got it. Well, good-bye, Edith; and you will come to see me, and I will come to see you, and the world will wag its tail at us generally. Just now a section of it will soon want to be fed, so I must go. It has been charming to see you and to talk to you."

Dodo chattered her way out, and she and Miss Grantham got into the victoria and drove northwards. Edith remained a full minute, looking out of the window in thought, and then went to find Bertie, whom she always consulted when she wanted some one to agree with her.

"Bertie," she said, "Dodo has been to see me."

"And you have made it up, and have come to tell me so," said Bertie, perspicaciously.

"Yes; and I wish to tell you also that it is very stupid of you to think me inconsistent."

"Well, I won't ask for your explanation of this seeming inconsistency," said Bertie, amiably. "I will take it for granted that it is really the truest consistency. Will that do?"

"No. We have both misjudged Dodo. We were not inconsistent, but wrong."

"I never judged Dodo at all," said Bertie; "therefore I can't have misjudged her."

"Then you ought to have judged her," said Edith, "and not credenced that sort of thing. Oh, really you are rather trying."

"I know—I mean to be. You have invaded my *chez-moi*, and it is against the rules."

"Well, I'm going to Dodo's on Friday."

"All right," said Bertie severely.

"Are n't you surprised?"

"Not in the least."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because it is part of my profession never to be surprised at you. I am working hard at it."

Edith laughed.

"Well, that's all right, then. But, Bertie, I should prefer for the future that you should be surprised at me oftener, and then always be immediately convinced by the reasons I give you."

"I will make an effort," said Bertie; "but it will require an effort."

Prince Waldeneck meantime had spent a solitary and thoughtful morning. He recollected, but only vaguely, the event of the night before. Dodo, he remembered, was out late at that stupid bazaar. He had waited up for her; he had drunk rather freely; she had noticed it, and, what was more, had told him so with frankness. He knew, and had known for a long time, that she was an exceedingly useful person to him, or could be so when she chose,—or rather, as he said to himself, when he chose. Once she had smoothed over a diplomatic affair, which promised to be disagreeable, almost impracticable. He had taken her into his confidence completely,—at any rate, completely enough to convince her that she was possessed of the whole matter,—and had told her frankly that she could help him in a way that no other person could. At the time he was in charge at Madrid the Italian *chargé d'affaires* was inclined to show himself obstinate about an international matter which his government had been prepared to face and make the best of,—a rather serious difficulty. His Italian colleague was an amorous old fellow, with the firm conviction that he was in love with all agreeable women, and that all agreeable women were in love with him. Dodo, so he thought, was an agreeable woman.

Waldeneck had gone to Dodo's room that morning, prepared to be charming to her. He explained to her the whole position. A great deal depended on the personal feelings of the Italian; he would

make the matter strike his government as it struck him. By nature, as Dodo knew, he was a silly old man. Would she turn the disposition of this silly old man to good account? And he read her a letter from the Austrian foreign secretary.

Dodo considered a moment.

"He is to make love to me, you mean," she said, with almost embarrassing frankness, "and immediately afterwards to talk business with you."

Waldeneck laughed.

"Yes, I mean exactly that," he said. "You can always cut him afterwards."

Dodo nodded.

"The great point in being married," she said, "is absolute frankness, and it deserves to be rewarded. I will make him tremulous. I will cut him afterwards, because he bores me."

She had succeeded by admiration. Waldeneck found great difficulty in making him talk about business at all, so loud was he in the praises of this inimitable wife. And now Dodo, this eminently attractive and useful person, had presumed to tell him, her husband, that he was drunk and not fit to be seen by the servants. No diplomatic relation was served by this.

Dodo returned from her drive, and met Waldeneck in the hall. She had spoken her mind the night before, and had no intention of opening the subject again. He spared her the trouble.

"You chose to speak to me last night," he said, coming close to her, "in a way that no one speaks to me. Please remember that. How do you do, Miss Grantham? My wife, I am charmed to see, has brought you to lunch with us."

The colour faded from Dodo's cheeks. Miss Grantham, who stood close to her, must, she knew, have heard Waldeneck's words. She turned to her quickly.

"Go upstairs, Grantie," she said. "I will come in a moment. No, I will come with you now."

Then, raising her voice a little,—

"Dear Waldeneck," she said, "you speak English so well, but you will never learn to be really English. In England we never wash our dirty linen in public,—even in the most strictly limited public. Be ready for lunch, old boy, won't you? Rodjek is coming, and every minute with him before lunch is ten years off my life; and he is always punctual."

She passed upstairs with her arm in Miss Grantham's, and the latter could feel it trembling. Dodo shut the door behind them, and threw herself into a chair.

"Grantie, if you ever breathe a word of what you have heard, I will cut your throat," she said.

Grantie's eyes were wide with interest.

"Oh, but it is so interesting, Dodo," she said.

"Won't you tell me all about it?"

"Not another word."

Waldeneck stopped in the hall, watching them ascend. And a sense of imperfect mastery gnawed at him. He felt uncomfortably sure that a year ago Dodo would not have been able to say that to him.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

By HENRY JAMES

XX

THE money was far too much even for a fare in a fairy-tale, and in the absence of Mrs. Beale, who, though the hour was now late, had not yet returned to the Regent's Park, Susan Ash, in the hall, as loud as Maisie was low and as bold as she was bland, produced, on the exhibition offered under the dim vigil of the lamp that made the place a contrast to the child's recent scene of light, the half-crown that an unsophisticated cabman could pronounce to be the least he would take. It was apparently long before Mrs. Beale would arrive, and in the interval Maisie had been induced by the prompt Susan not only to go to bed like a darling dear, but, in still richer expression of that character, to devote to the repayment of obligations general as well as particular one of the sovereigns in the fanciful figure that, on a dressing-table upstairs, was naturally not less dazzling to a lone orphan of a housemaid than to the object of the manoeuvres of a quartette. This object went to sleep with her property under her pillow; but the explanations that, on the morrow, were inevitably more complete with Mrs. Beale than they had been with her humble friend, found a climax in a surrender also more becomingly free. There were explanations indeed that Mrs. Beale had to give as well as to ask, and the most striking of these was to the effect that it was dreadful for a little girl to take money from a woman who was simply the vilest of their sex. The sovereigns were examined with some attention, the result of which however, was to make Mrs. Beale desire to know what, if one really went into the matter, they could be called but the wages of sin. Her companion went into it merely to the point of inquiring what then they were to do with them; on which Mrs. Beale, who had by this time put them into her pocket, replied with dignity and with her hand on the place: "We're to send them back on the spot!" Susan, the child soon afterwards learnt, had been invited to contribute to this act of restitution her one appropriated coin; but a closer clutch of the treasure showed, in her private assurance to Maisie, that there was a limit to the way she could be "done." Maisie had been open with Mrs. Beale about the whole of last night's transaction; but she now found herself, on the part of their indignant inferior, a recipient of remarks that she must feel to be scaring secrets. One of these bore upon the extraordinary hour—it was three in the morning, if she really wanted to know—at which Mrs. Beale had re-entered the house; another, in accents as to which Maisie's criticism was still intensely tacit, characterized that lady's appeal as such a "gime" and a "shime" as one had never had to put up with; a third treated

with some vigour the question of the enormous sums due, below stairs, in every department, for gratuitous labour and wasted zeal. Our young lady's consciousness was indeed mainly filled for several days with the apprehension created by the too slow subsidence of her attendant's sense of wrong. These days would be exciting indeed if an outbreak in the kitchen should crown them; and, to promote that prospect, she had more than one glimpse, through Susan's eyes, of forces making for an earthquake. To listen to Susan was to gather that the spark applied to the inflammables and already causing them to crackle was the circumstances of one's being called a horrid low thief for refusing to part with one's own.

The redeeming point of this tension was, on the fifth day, that it actually appeared to have had to do with a breathless perception, in our heroine's breast, that, scarcely more as the centre of Sir Claude's than as that of Susan's energies, she had, soon after breakfast, been conveyed from London to Folkestone and established at a lovely hotel. These agents, before her wondering eyes, had combined to carry through the adventure and to give it the air of having owed its success to the fact that Mrs. Beale had, as Susan said, but just stepped out. When Sir Claude, watch in hand, had met this fact with the exclamation, "Then pack Miss Farange and come off with us!" there had ensued, on the stairs, a series of gymnastics of a nature to bring Miss Farange's heart into her mouth. She sat with Sir Claude in a four-wheeler, while he still held his watch; held it longer than any doctor who had ever felt her pulse, long enough to give her a vision of something like the ecstasy of neglecting such an opportunity to show impatience. The ecstasy had begun in the schoolroom and over the Berceuse, quite in the manner of the same foretaste on the day, a little while back, when Susan had panted up and she herself, after the hint about the Duchess, had sailed down; for what harm, then, had there been in drops and disappointments if she could still have, even only a moment, the sensation of such a name "brought up"? It had remained with her that her father had told her she would some day be in the street, but it clearly would not be this day, and she felt justified of her preference as soon as her visitor had set Susan in motion and laid his hand, while she waited with him, kindly on her own. That was what the Captain, in Kensington Gardens, had done; her present situation reminded her a little of that one and renewed the dim wonder of the way in which, from the first, such pats and pulls had struck her as the steps and signs of other people's business and even a little as the wriggle or the overflow of their difficulties. What had failed her and what had frightened her on the night of the exhibition lost themselves at present alike in the impression that what would come from Sir Claude was too big to come all at once. Any awe that might have

sprung from his air of leaving out her step-mother was corrected by the force of a general rule, the odd truth that if Mrs. Beale now never came nor went without making her think of him, it was not, to balance that, the main character of his own contact to appear to be a reference to Mrs. Beale. To be with Sir Claude was to think of Sir Claude, and that law governed Maisie's mind until, through a sudden lurch of the cab, which had at last taken in Susan and ever so many bundles and almost reached Charing Cross, it popped again somehow into her dizzy head the long-lost image of Mrs. Wix.

It was singular, but from this time she understood and she followed, followed with the sense of an ample filling-out of any void created by symptoms of avoidance and of flight. Her ecstasy was a thing that had yet more of a face than of a back to turn, a pair of eyes still directed to Mrs. Wix, even after the slight surprise of their not finding her, as the journey expanded, either at the London station, or at the Folkestone Hotel. It took few hours to make the child feel that if she was in neither of these places she was at least everywhere else. Maisie had known all along a great deal, but never so much as she was to know from this moment on and as she learned, in particular, during the couple of days that she was to hang in the air, as it were, over the sea which represented, in breezy blueness and with a summer charm, a crossing of more spaces than the channel. It was given to her at this time to arrive at divinations so ample that I shall have no room for the goal if I attempt to trace the stages; as to which, therefore, I must be content to say that the fullest expression we may give to Sir Claude's conduct is a poor and pale copy of the picture it presented to his young friend. Abruptly, that morning, he had yielded to the action of the idea pumped into him for weeks by Mrs. Wix on lines of approach that she had been capable of the extraordinary art of preserving from entanglement with the fine network of his relations with Mrs. Beale. The breath of her sincerity, blowing without a break, had puffed him up to the flight by which, in the degree I have indicated, Maisie too was carried off her feet. This consisted in neither more nor less than the brave stroke of his getting off from Mrs. Beale, as well as from his wife—of making, with the child, straight for some such foreign land as would give a support to Mrs. Wix's dream that she might still see his errors renounced and his delinquencies redeemed. What other reparation could have the beauty of his devoting himself, under eyes that would miss no faintest shade of the sacrifice, to the relief and rescue, to what even the strange frequenters of her ladyship's earlier period used to call the real good, of the little unfortunate? Maisie's head held a suspicion of all that, during the last long interval, had confusedly, but quite candidly, come and gone in his own; a glimpse, almost awe-stricken in its gratitude, of the miracle her old governess had wrought.

That functionary could not, in this connection, have been more impressive, even at second-hand, if she had been a prophetess with an open scroll or some ardent abbess speaking with the lips of the church. She had clung, day by day, to their plastic associate, plying him with her deep, narrow passion, doing her simple utmost to convert him, and so inspiring him that he had at last really embraced his fine chance. That the chance was not delusive was sufficiently guaranteed by the completeness with which he could finally figure it out that, in case of his taking action, neither Ida nor Beale, whose book, on each side, it would only too well suit, would make any sort of row.

It sounds, no doubt, too penetrating, but it was by no means all through Sir Claude's betrayals that Maisie was able to piece together the beauty of the special influence through which, for such stretches of time, he had refined upon propriety by keeping, so far as possible, his sentimental interests distinct. She had ever, of course, in her mind, fewer names than conceptions, but it was only with this drawback that she now made out her companion's absences to have had for their ground that he was the lover of her step-mother, and that the lover of her step-mother could scarce logically pretend to a superior right to look after her. Maisie had by this time embraced the implication of a kind of natural divergence between lovers and little girls. It was just this indeed that could throw light on the probable contents of the pencilled note deposited on the hall-table in the Regent's Park and which would greet Mrs. Beale on her return. Maisie freely figured it as provisionally jocular in tone, even though to herself, on this occasion, Sir Claude turned a graver face than he had shown in any crisis but that of putting her into the cab when she had been horrid to him after her parting with the Captain. He might really be embarrassed, but he would be sure, to her view, to have muffled in some bravado of pleasantry the disturbance produced at her father's by the removal of a valued servant. Not that there was n't a great deal too that would n't be in the note—a great deal for which a more comfortable place was Maisie's light little brain, where it hummed away hour after hour and caused the first outlook at Folkestone to swim in a softness of colour and sound. It became clear in this medium that her step-father had really now only to take into account his entanglement with Mrs. Beale. Was n't he at last disentangled from every one and everything else? The obstacle to the rupture pressed upon him by Mrs. Wix in the interest of his virtue would be simply that he was in love, or rather, to put it more precisely, that Mrs. Beale had left him no doubt of the degree in which *she* was. She was so much so as to have succeeded in making him accept for a time her infatuated grasp of him, and even to some extent the idea of what they yet might do together with a little diplomacy and a good deal

of patience. I may not even answer for it that Maisie was not aware of how, in this, Mrs. Beale failed to share his all but insurmountable distaste for their allowing their little charge to breathe the air of their gross irregularity—his contention, in a word, that they should either cease to be irregular or cease to be parental. Their little charge, for herself, had long ago adopted the view that even Mrs. Wix had at one time not thought prohibitively coarse—the view that she was after all, *as* a little charge, morally at home in atmospheres it would be appalling to analyse. If Mrs. Wix, however, ultimately appalled, had now set her heart on strong measures, Maisie, as I have intimated, could also work round both to the reasons for them and to the quite other reasons for that lady's not, as yet, at least, appearing in them at first hand.

Oh, decidedly, I shall never get you to believe the number of things she saw and the number of secrets she discovered! Why in the world, for instance, could n't Sir Claude have kept it from her—except on the hypothesis of his not caring to—that, when you came to look at it, and so far as it was a question of vested interests, he had quite as much right in her as her step-mother, and a right that Mrs. Beale was in no position to dispute? He failed, at all events, of any such successful ambiguity as could keep her, when once they began to look across at France, from regarding even what was least explained as most in the spirit of their old happy times, their rambles and expeditions in the easier, better days of their first acquaintance. Never before had she had so the sense of giving him a lead for the sort of treatment of what was between them that would best carry it off, or of his being grateful to her for meeting him so much in the right place. She met him literally at the very point where Mrs. Beale was most to be reckoned with, the point of the jealousy that was sharp in that lady and of the need of their keeping it as long as possible obscure to her that poor Mrs. Wix had still a hand. Yes, she met him too in the truth of the matter that, as her step-mother had had no one else to be jealous of, she had made up for so gross a privation by directing the sentiment to a moral influence. Sir Claude appeared absolutely to convey in a wink that a moral influence that could pull a string was, after all, a moral influence that could have its eyes scratched out; and that, this being the case, there was somebody they could n't afford to expose before they should see a little better what Mrs. Beale was likely to do. Maisie, true enough, had not to put it into words to rejoin, in the coffee-room, at luncheon: "What *can* she do but come to you if papa does take a step that will amount to legal desertion?" Neither had he then, in answer, to articulate anything but the jollity of their having found a table at a window from which, as they partook of cold beef and apollinaris—for he hinted they would have to save lots of money—they could let their eyes hover

tenderly on the far-off white cliffs that so often had signalled to the embarrassed English a promise of safety. Maisie stared at them as if she might really make out after a little a queer, dear figure perched on them—a figure as to which she had already the subtle sense that, wherever perched, it would be the very oddest yet seen in France. But it was at least as exciting to feel where Mrs. Wix was n't as it would have been to know where she was, and if she was n't yet at Boulogne this only thickened the plot.

If she was not to be seen that day, however, the evening was marked by an apparition before which, none the less, the savour of suspense folded, on the spot, its wings. Adjusting her respirations and attaching, under dropped lashes, all her thoughts to a smartness of frock and frill for which she could reflect that she had not appealed in vain to a loyalty, in Susan Ash, triumphant over the nice things their feverish flight had left behind, Maisie spent on the bench in the garden of the hotel the half-hour before dinner, that mysterious ceremony of the *table d'hôte* for which she had prepared with a punctuality of flutter. Sir Claude, beside her, was occupied with a cigarette and the afternoon papers; and though the hotel was full the garden showed the particular void that ensues upon the sound of the dressing-bell. She had almost had time to weary of the human scene; her own humanity, at any rate, in the shape of a smutch on her scanty skirt, had held her so long that as soon as she raised her eyes they rested on a high, fair drapery by which smutches were put to shame and which had glided toward her, over the grass, without her perceiving its rustle. She followed up its stiff sheen—up and up from the ground, where it had stopped—till, at the end of a considerable journey, her impression felt the shock of the fixed face which, surmounting it, seemed to offer the climax of the dressed condition. "Why, mamma!" she cried the next instant—cried in a tone that, as she sprang to her feet, brought Sir Claude to his own beside her and gave her ladyship, a few yards off, the advantage of their momentary confusion. Poor Maisie's was immense; her mother's drop had the effect of one of the iron shutters that, in evening walks with Susan Ash, she had seen suddenly, at the touch of a spring, rattle down over shining shop-fronts. The light of foreign travel was darkened at a stroke; she had a horrible sense that they were caught; and for the first time in her life, in Ida's presence, she so far translated an impulse into an invidious act as to clutch straight at the hand of her responsible confederate. It did n't help her that he appeared at first equally hushed with horror; a minute during which, in the empty garden, with its long shadows on the lawn, its blue sea over the hedge and its startled peace in the air, both her elders remained as stiff as tall tumblers filled to the brim and held straight for fear of a spill. At last in a tone that, in its unexpected softness, enriched the whole surprise, her mother said to Sir

Claude: "Do you mind at all my speaking to her?"

"Oh, no; *do* you?" His reply was so long in coming that Maisie was the first to find the right note.

He laughed as he seemed to take it from her, and she felt a sufficient concession in his manner of addressing their visitor. "How in the world did you know we were here?"

His wife, at this, came the rest of the way and sat down on the bench with a hand laid on her daughter, whom she gracefully drew to her, and in whom, at her touch, the fear just kindled gave a second jump, but now in quite another direction. Sir Claude, on the further side, resumed his seat and his newspapers, and the three grouped themselves like a family party; his connection, in the oddest way in the world, almost cynically, and in a flash, acknowledged, and the mother patting the child into conformities unspeakable.

Maisie could already feel that it was not Sir Claude and she who were caught. She had the positive sense of catching their relative, catching her in the act of getting rid of her burden with a finality that showed her as unprecedentedly relaxed. Oh yes, the fear had dropped, and she had never been so irrevocably parted with as in the pressure of possession now supremely exerted by Ida's long-gloved and much-bangled arms. "I went to the Regent's Park"—this was presently her ladyship's answer to Sir Claude.

"Do you mean to-day?"

"This morning—just after your own call there. That's how I find you out; that's what has brought me."

Sir Claude considered, and Maisie waited. "Whom then did you see?"

Ida gave a sound of indulgent mockery. "I like your scare. I know your game. I did n't see the person I risked seeing—but I had been ready to take my chance of her." She addressed herself to Maisie; she had encircled her more closely. "I asked for *you*, my dear, but I saw no one but a dirty parlour-maid. She was red in the face with the great things that, as she told me, had just happened in the absence of her mistress; and she luckily had the sense to have made out the place to which Sir Claude had come to take you. If he had n't given a false scent I should find you here: that was the supposition on which I've proceeded." Ida had never been so explicit about proceeding or supposing, and Maisie, drinking this in, was aware that Sir Claude shared her fine impression of it. "I wanted to see you," his wife continued, "and now you can judge of the trouble I've taken. I had everything to do in town to-day, but I managed to get off."

Maisie and her companion, for a moment, did justice to this achievement; but Maisie was the first to express it. "I'm glad you wanted to see me,

mamma." Then, after a concentration more deep and with a plunge more brave: "A little more and you'd have been too late." It stuck in her throat, but she brought it out. "We're going to France."

Ida was magnificent; Ida kissed her on the forehead. "That's just what I thought likely—it made me decide to run down. I fancied that in spite of your scramble you'd wait to cross, and it added to the reason I have for seeing you."

Maisie wondered intensely what the reason could be, but she knew ever so much better than to ask. She was slightly surprised indeed to perceive that Sir Claude did n't and to hear him immediately inquire: "What in the name of goodness can you have to say to her?"

His tone was not exactly rude, but it was impatient enough to make his wife's response a fresh specimen of the new softness. "That, my dear man, is all my own business."

"Do you mean," Sir Claude asked, "that you wish me to leave you with her?"

"Yes—if you'll be so good: that's the extraordinary request I take the liberty of making." Her ladyship had dropped to a mildness of irony by which, for a moment, poor Maisie was mystified and charmed, puzzled with a glimpse of something that, in all the years, had at intervals peeped out. Ida smiled at Sir Claude with the strange air she had on such occasions of defying an interlocutor to keep it up as long; her huge eyes, her red lips, the intense marks in her face, formed an illumination as distinct and public as a lamp set in a window. The child seemed quite to see in it the very lamp that had lighted her path; she suddenly found herself reflecting that it was no wonder the gentlemen were dazzled. This must have been the way mamma had first looked at Sir Claude; it brought back the lustre of the time they had outlived. It must have been the way she looked also at Mr. Perriam and Lord Eric; above all it contributed in Maisie's mind to a completer view of the Captain. Our young lady grasped this idea with a quick lifting of the heart; there was a stillness during which her mother flooded her with a wealth of support to the Captain's striking tribute. This stillness remained long enough unbroken to represent that Sir Claude too might literally be struggling again with the element that had originally upset him; so that Maisie quite hoped he would at least say something to show a recognition that she *could* be charming.

What he presently said was: "Are you putting up for the night?"

His wife hesitated. "Not here—I've come from Dover."

Over Maisie's head, at this, they still faced each other. "You spend the night there?"

"Yes—I brought some things. I went to the hotel and hastily arranged; then I caught the train that whisked me on here. You see what a day I've had of it."

The statement may surprise, but these were really as obliging if not as lucid words as, into her daughter's ears at least, Ida's lips had ever dropped; and there was a quick desire in the daughter that, for the hour, at any rate, they should duly be welcomed as a ground of intercourse. Certainly mamma had a charm which, when turned on, became a large explanation; and the only danger now in an impulse to applaud it would be that of appearing to signalize its rarity. Maisie, however, risked this peril in the geniality of an admission that Ida had indeed had a rush; and she invited Sir Claude to expose himself by agreeing with her that the rush had been even worse than theirs. He appeared to meet this appeal by saying with detachment enough: "You go back there to-night?"

"Oh, yes—there are plenty of trains." Again Sir Claude hesitated; it would have been hard to say if the child, between them, more connected or divided them. Then he brought out quietly: "It will be late for you to knock about. I'll see you over."

"You need n't trouble, thank you. I think you won't deny that I can help myself and that it is n't the first time in my dreadful life that I've somehow managed it." Save for this allusion to her dreadful life they talked there, Maisie noted, as if they were only rather superficial friends; a special effect that she had often wondered at before in the midst of what she supposed to be intimacies. This effect was augmented by the almost casual manner in which her ladyship went on: "I daresay I shall go abroad."

"From Dover, do you mean, straight?"

"How straight I can't say. I'm excessively ill." This, for a minute, struck Maisie as but a part of the conversation; at the end of which time she became aware that it ought to strike her—as it apparently did n't strike Sir Claude—as a part of something graver. It helped her to twist nearer. "Ill, mamma—really ill?"

She regretted her "really" as soon as she had spoken it; but there could n't be a better proof of her mother's present polish than that Ida showed no gleam of a temper to take it up. She had taken up at other times much tinier things. She only pressed Maisie's head against her bosom and said: "Shockingly, my dear. I must go to that new place."

"What new place?" Sir Claude inquired.

Ida thought, but could n't recall it. "Oh, Thingumbob—where every one goes. I want some proper treatment. It's all I've ever asked for on earth. But that's not what I came to say."

Sir Claude, in silence, folded one by one his newspapers; then he rose and stood whacking the palm of his hand with the bundle. "You'll stop and dine with us?"

"Dear no—I can't dine at this sort of hour. I ordered dinner at Dover."

Her ladyship's tone in this one instance showed a

certain superiority to those conditions in which her daughter had artlessly found Folkestone a paradise. It was yet not so crushing as to nip in the bud the eagerness with which the latter broke out: "But won't you at least have a cup of tea?"

Ida kissed her again on the brow. "Thanks, love. I had tea before coming." She raised her eyes to Sir Claude. "She *is* sweet!" He made no more answer than if he did not agree; but Maisie was at ease about that and was still taken up with the joy of this happier pitch of their talk, which put more and more of a meaning into the Captain's version of her ladyship and literally kindled a conjecture that this admirer might, over there at the other place, be waiting for her to dine. Was the same conjecture in Sir Claude's mind? He partly puzzled her, if it had risen there, by the slight perversity with which he returned to a question that his wife evidently thought she had disposed of.

He whacked his hand again with his papers. "I had really much better take you."

"And leave Maisie here alone?"

Mamma so clearly did not want it that Maisie leaped at the vision of a Captain who had seen her on from Dover, and who, while he waited to take her back, would be hovering just at the same distance at which, in Kensington Gardens, the companion of his walk had herself hovered. Of course, however, instead of breathing any such guess she let Sir Claude reply; all the more that his reply could contribute so much to her own present grandeur. "She won't be alone when she has a maid in attendance."

Maisie had never before had so much of a retinue and she waited also to enjoy the effect of it on her ladyship. "You mean the woman you brought from town?" Ida considered. "The person at the house spoke of her in a way that scarcely made her out company for my child." She spoke as if her child had never wanted, in *her* hands, for prodigious company. But she as distinctly continued to decline Sir Claude's. "Do not be an old goose," she said charmingly. "Let us alone."

Before them, on the grass, he looked graver than Maisie at all now thought the occasion warranted. "I do not see why you can't say it before me."

His wife smoothed one of her daughter's curls. "Say what, dear?"

"Why, what you came to say."

At this Maisie at last interposed; she appealed to Sir Claude. "Do let her say it to me."

He looked hard for a moment at his little friend.

"How do you know what she may say?"

"She must risk it," Ida remarked.

"I only want to protect you," he continued to the child.

"You want to protect yourself—that's what you mean," his wife replied. "Do not be afraid. I won't touch you."

"She won't touch you—she *won't*!" Maisie declared. She felt by this time that she could really

answer for it, and something of the emotion with which she had listened to the Captain came back to her. It made her so happy and so secure that she could positively patronize mamma. She did so in the Captain's very language. "She's good, she's good!" she proclaimed.

"Oh, Lord!" Sir Claude, at this, ejaculated. He appeared to have emitted some sound of derision that was smothered, to Maisie's ears, by her being again embraced by his wife. Ida released her and held her off a little, looking at her with a very queer face. Then the child became aware that their companion had left them and that, from the face in question, a confirmatory remark had proceeded.

"I *am* good, love," said her ladyship.

XXI

A good deal of the rest of Ida's visit was devoted to explaining, as it were, so extraordinary a statement. This explanation was more copious than any she had yet indulged in, and as the summer twilight gathered and she kept her child in the garden she was conciliatory to a degree that let her need to arrange things a little perceptibly peep out. It was not merely that she explained; she almost conversed: all that was wanting to that was that she should have positively chattered a little less. It was really the occasion of Maisie's life on which her mother was to have had most to say to her. That alone was an implication of generosity and virtue, and no great stretch was required to make our young lady feel that she should best meet her and soonest have it over by simply seeming struck with the propriety of her contention. They sat together while the parent's gloved hand sometimes rested sociably on the child's and sometimes gave a corrective pull to a ribbon too meagre or a tress too thick; and Maisie was conscious of the effort to keep out of her eyes the wonder with which they were occasionally moved to blink. Oh, there would have been things to blink at if one had let one's self go; and it was lucky they were alone together, without Sir Claude or Mrs. Wix or even Mrs. Beale to catch an imprudent glance. Though profuse and prolonged, her ladyship was not exhaustively lucid, and her account of her situation, so far as it could be called descriptive, was a muddle of inconsequent things, bruised fruit of an occasion she had rather too lightly affronted. None of them were really thought out, and some were even not wholly insincere. It was as if she had asked outright what better proof could have been wanted of her goodness and her greatness than just this marvellous consent to give up what she had so cherished. It was as if she had said in so many words: "There have been things between us—between Sir Claude and me—which I need not go into, you little nuisance, because you would not understand them." It suited her to convey that Maisie had been kept, so far as *she* was concerned, or could

imagine, in a holy ignorance, and that she must take for granted a supreme simplicity. She turned this way and that in the predicament she had sought, and from which she could neither retreat with grace nor emerge with credit; she draped herself in the tatters of her impudence, postured to her utmost before the last little triangle of cracked glass to which so many fractures had reduced the polished plate of filial superstition. If neither Sir Claude nor Mrs. Wix was there, this was perhaps all the more a pity: the scene had a style of its own that would have qualified it for presentation, especially at such a moment as that of her letting it betray that she quite did think her wretched offspring better placed with Sir Claude than in her own soiled hands. There was at any rate nothing scant either in her admissions or her perversions, the mixture of her fear of what Maisie might undiscoverably think and of the support she at the same time gathered from a necessity of selfishness and a habit of brutality. This habit flushed through the merit she now made, in terms explicit, of not having come to Folkestone to kick up a vulgar row. She had not come to box any ears or to bang any doors, or even to use any language; she had come, at the worst, to lose the thread of her argument in an occasional dumb, disgusted twitch of the toggery in which Mrs. Beale's low domestic had had the impudence to serve up Miss Farange. She checked all criticism, not committing herself even as much as about those missing comforts of the school-room on which Mrs. Wix had presumed.

"I am good—I'm crazily, I'm criminally good. But it won't do for *you* any more, and if I've ceased to contend with him, and with you too, who have made most of the trouble between us, it's for reasons that you'll understand one of these days but too well—one of these days when I hope you'll know what it is to have lost a mother. I'm awfully ill, but you mustn't ask me anything about it. If I don't get off somewhere my doctor won't answer for the consequences. He's stupefied at what I've borne—he says it has been put upon me because I was made to suffer. I'm thinking of South Africa, but that's none of your business. You must take your choice—you can't ask me questions if you're so ready to give me up. No, I won't tell you: you can find out for yourself. South Africa is wonderful, they say, and if I do go it must be to give it a fair trial. It must be either one thing or the other; if he takes you, you know, he takes you. I've struck my last blow for you; I can follow you no longer from pillar to post. I must live for myself at last—while there's still a handful left of me. I'm very very ill; I'm very very tired; I'm very very determined. There you have it. Make the most of it. Your frock is too filthy—but I came to sacrifice myself." Maisie looked at the peccant places; there were moments when it was a relief to her to drop her eyes even on anything so sordid. All her interviews, all her

ordeals with her mother had, as she had grown older, seemed to have, before any other, the hard quality of duration, but longer than any, strangely, were these minutes offered to her as so pacific and so agreeably winding up the connection. It was her anxiety that made them long, her fear of some hitch, some check of the current, one of her ladyship's famous quick jumps. She held her breath; she only wanted, by playing into her visitor's hands, to see the thing through. But her impatience itself made at instants the whole situation swim; there were things Ida said which she perhaps did not hear, and there were things she heard that Ida perhaps did not say. "You're all I have, and yet I'm capable of this. Your father wishes you were dead—that, my dear, is what your father wishes. You'll have to get used to it as I've done—I mean to his wishing that I'm dead. At all events you see for yourself how wonderful I am to Sir Claude. He wishes me dead quite as much; and I'm sure that if making me scenes about *you* could have killed me—" It was the mark of Ida's eloquence that she started more hares than she followed, and she gave but a glance in the direction of this one; going on to say that the very proof of her treating her husband like an angel was that he had just stolen off not to be fairly shamed. She spoke as if he had retired on tiptoe as he might have withdrawn from a place of worship in which he was not fit to be present. "You'll never know what I've been through about you—never, never, never. I spare you everything, as I always have; though I daresay you know things that, if I did (I mean, if I knew you knew them), would make me—well, no matter! You're old enough at any rate to know there are a lot of things I do not say that I easily might; though it would do me good, I assure you, to have spoken my mind for once in my life. I do not speak of your father's infamous wife: that may give you a notion of the way I'm letting you off. When I say 'you' I mean your precious friends and backers. If you do not do justice to my forbearing, out of delicacy, to mention, just as a last word, about your step-father, a little fact or two—of a kind that, really, I should only *bare* to mention to shine, myself, in comparison, and after every calumny, like pure gold: if you do not do me *that* justice, you'll never do me justice at all!"

Maisie's desire to show what justice she did her had by this time become so intense as to have brought with it an inspiration. The great effect of their encounter had been to confirm her sense of being launched with Sir Claude, to make it rich and full beyond anything she had dreamed, and everything now conspired to suggest that a single soft touch of her small hand would complete the good work and set her ladyship so promptly and majestically afloat as to leave the great sea-way clear for the morrow. This was the more the case as her hand had for some moments been rendered free by

a marked manœuvre of both of her mother's. One of these capricious members had fumbled with visible impatience in some backward mystery of the toilet, and had presently reappeared with a small object in its grasp. The act had a significance for a little person trained, in that relation, from an early age, to keep an eye on manual motions, and its possible bearing was not darkened by the memory of the handful of gold that Susan Ash would never, never believe Mrs. Beale had sent back—"not she; she's too false and too greedy!"—to the munificent Countess. To have guessed, none the less, that her ladyship's purse might confess an identity with the token extracted from the rustling covert of her rear—this suspicion gave, on the spot, to the child's eyes a direction carefully remote. It added moreover to the optimism that, for the hour, could ruffle the surface of her deep diplomacy, ruffle it to the point of making her forget that she had never been safe unless she had also been stupid. She in short forgot her habitual caution in her impulse to adopt her ladyship's practical interests and show her ladyship how perfectly she understood them. She saw, without looking, that her mother pressed a little clasp; heard, without wanting to, the sharp click that marked the closing of portemonnaie from which something had been taken. What this was she just did not see: it was not too substantial to be locked with ease in the fold of her ladyship's fingers. Nothing was less new to Maisie than the art of not thinking singly, so that at this instant she could both bring out what was on her tongue's end, and weigh, as to the object in her mother's palm, the question of its being a sovereign against the question of its being a shilling. No sooner had she begun to speak than she saw that, within a few seconds, this question would have been settled: she had foolishly arrested the rising word of the little speech of presentation to which, under the circumstances, even such a high pride as Ida's had had to give some thought. She had arrested it completely—that was the next thing she felt: the note she sounded brought into her companion's eyes a look that, quickly enough, seemed at variance with presentations.

"That was what the Captain said to me that day, mamma: I think it would have given you pleasure to hear the way he spoke of you."

The pleasure, Maisie could now in consternation reflect, would have been a long time coming if it had come no faster than the response evoked by her allusion to it. Her mother gave her one of the looks that slammed the door in her face: never, in a career of unsuccessful experiments, had Maisie had to take such a stare. It reminded her of the way that once, at one of the lectures in Glower Street, something in a big jar, that, amid an array of strange glasses and bad smells, had been promised as a beautiful yellow was produced as a beautiful black. She had been sorry on that occasion for the lecturer, but

she was at this moment sorrier for herself. Oh, nothing had ever made for twinges like mamma's manner of saying: "The Captain? What Captain?"

"Why, when we met you in the Gardens—the one who took me to sit with him. That was exactly what *he* said."

Ida met her so far as to appear for an instant to pick up a lost thread. "What on earth did he say?"

Maisie faltered supremely, but supremely she brought it out. "What *you* say, mamma. That you're so good."

"What 'I' say?" Ida slowly rose, keeping her eyes on her child, and the hand that had busied itself in her purse, conformed, at her side and amid the folds of her dress, to a certain stiffening of the arm. "I say you're a precious idiot, and I won't have you put words into my mouth!" This was much more peremptory than a mere contradiction: Maisie could only feel on the spot that everything had broken short off, and that their communication had abruptly ceased. That came out as Ida went on: "What business have you to speak to me of him?"

Her daughter turned scarlet. "I thought you liked him."

"Him—the biggest cad in London?" Her ladyship towered again, and in the gathered dusk the whites of her eyes were huge.

Maisie's own, however, could by this time pretty well match them; and she had at least now, with the first flare of anger that had ever yet lighted her face for a foe, the sense of looking up quite as hard as any one could look down. "Well, he was kind about you then; he *was*, and it made me like him. He said things—they were beautiful; they were, they were!" She was almost capable of the violence of forcing this home; for even in the midst of her surge of passion—of which, in fact, it was a part—there rose in her a fear, a pain, a vision ominous, precocious, of what it might mean for her mother's fate to have forfeited such a loyalty as that. There was literally an instant in which Maisie fully saw—saw madness and desolation, saw ruin and darkness and death. "I've thought of him often since, and I hoped it was with him—with him—" Here, in her emotion, it failed her, the breath of her filial hope.

But Ida got it out of her. "You hoped, you little horror—?"

"That it was he who's at Dover; that it was he who's to take you. I mean to South Africa," Maisie said with another drop.

Ida's stupefaction, on this, kept her silent unnaturally long; so long that her daughter could not only wonder what was coming, but perfectly measure the decline of every symptom of her liberality. She loomed there, in her grandeur, merely dark and dumb; her wrath was clearly still, as it had always

been, a thing of resource and variety. What Maisie least expected of it was, by this law, what now occurred: it melted, in the summer twilight, gradually into pity, and the pity, after a little, found a cadence to which the renewed click of her purse gave an accent. She had put back what she had taken out. "You're a dreadful, dismal, deplorable little thing," she murmured; and with this she turned her back and rustled away over the lawn.

After she had disappeared Maisie dropped upon the bench again and, for some time, in the empty garden and the deeper dusk, sat and stared at the image her flight had still left standing. It had ceased to be her mother only, in the strangest way, that it might become her father, the father of whose wish that she were dead the announcement still lingered in the air. It was a presence with vague edges—it continued to front her, to cover her; but what reality that she need reckon with did it represent if Mr. Farange were, on his side, also going off—going off to America with the Countess, or even only to Spa? That question had, from the house, a sudden gay answer in the great roar of a gong, and at the same moment she saw Sir Claude look out for her from the wide, lighted doorway. At this she went to him, and he came forward and met her on the lawn. For a minute she was there with him in silence, as, just before, at the last, she had been with her mother.

"She's gone?"

"She's gone."

Nothing more, for the instant, passed between them but to move together to the house, where, in the hall, he indulged in one of those sudden pleasures with which, to the delight of his step-daughter, his native animation abounded. "Will Miss Farange do me the honour to accept my arm?"

There was nothing, in all her days, that Miss Farange had accepted with such bliss—a bright, rich element that floated them together to their feast; before they reached which, however, she uttered, in the spirit of a glad young lady taken in to her first dinner, a sociable word that made him stop short. "She goes to South Africa."

"To South Africa?" His face, for a moment, seemed to swing for a jump; the next it took its spring into the extreme of hilarity. "Is that what she said?"

"Oh yes, quite distinctly. For the climate."

Sir Claude was now looking at a young woman with black hair, a red frock, and a tiny terrier tucked under her elbow: she swept past them on her way to the dining-room, leaving an impression of a strong scent which mingled, amid the clatter of the place, with the hot aroma of food. He had become a little graver; he still stopped to talk. "I see—I see." Other people brushed by; he was not too grave to notice them. "Did she say anything else?"

"Oh yes—a lot more."

On this he met her eyes again with some intensity; but he only repeated, "I see—I see."

Maisie hesitated; then she brought out: "I thought she was going to give me something."

"What kind of a thing?"

"Some money that she took out of her purse and then put back."

Sir Claude's amusement reappeared. "She thought better of it? Dear thrifty soul! How much did she make by that manoeuvre?"

Maisie considered. "I did n't see. It was very small."

Sir Claude threw back his head. "Do you mean very little? Sixpence?"

Maisie resented this almost as much as if, at dinner, she were already bandying jokes with an agreeable neighbour. "It may have been a sovereign."

"Or even," Sir Claude suggested, "a ten-pound note." She flushed at this sudden picture of what she perhaps had lost, and he made it more vivid by adding: "Rolled up in a tight little ball, you know—her way of treating bank-notes as if they were curl-papers!" Maisie's flush deepened both with the immense plausibility of this, and with a fresh wave of the consciousness that was always there to remind her of his cleverness—the consciousness of how immeasurably more, after all, he knew about mamma than she. She had lived with her so many times without discovering the material of her curl-papers or assisting at any other of her dealings with bank-notes. The tight little ball had at any rate rolled away from her forever—quite like one of the other balls that Ida's cue used to send flying. Sir Claude gave her his arm again, and by the time she was seated at the table she had perfectly made up her mind as to the amount of the sum she had forfeited. Everything about her, however—the crowded room, the bedizened banquet, the savour of dishes, the drama of figures—ministered to the joy of life. After dinner she smoked with her friend—for that was exactly what she felt she did—on a porch, a kind of terrace, where the red tips of cigars and the light dresses of ladies made, under the happy stars, a poetry that was almost intoxicating. They talked but little, and she was slightly surprised at his asking for no more news of what her mother had said; but she had no need of talk, for it seemed to her that without it her sense of everything overflowed. They smoked and smoked, and there was a sweetness in her step-father's silence. At last he said: "Let us take another turn—but you must go to bed soon. Oh, you know, we're going to have a system!" Their turn was back into the garden, along the dusky paths from which they could see the black masts and the red lights of boats, and hear the calls and cries that evidently had to do with happy foreign travel; and their system was once more to get on beautifully in this further lounge without a definite exchange. Yet he finally spoke—he broke out as he tossed away the match from which he had taken a fresh light:

"I must go for a stroll; I'm in a fidget—I must walk it off." She fell in with this as she fell in with everything; on which he went on: "You go to Miss Ash"—it was the name they had started—"you must see she's not in mischief. Can you find your way alone?"

"Oh yes; I've been up and down seven times." She positively enjoyed the prospect of an eighth.

Still they did not separate; they stood smoking together under the stars. Then, at last, Sir Claude produced it. "I'm free—I'm free."

She looked up at him; it was the very spot on which, a couple of hours before, she had looked up at her mother. "You're free—you're free."

"To-morrow we go to France." He spoke as if he had not heard her; but it did not prevent her again concurring.

"To-morrow we go to France."

Again he appeared not to have heard her; and after a moment—it was an effect, evidently, of the depth of his reflections and the agitation of his soul—he also spoke as if he had not spoken before. "I'm free—I'm free."

She repeated her form of assent. "You're free—you're free."

This time he did hear her, and fixed her, through the darkness with a grave face. But he said nothing more; he simply stooped a little and drew her to him—he simply held her a little and kissed her good-night; after which, having given her a silent push upstairs to Miss Ash, he turned round again to the black masts and the red lights. Maisie ascended as if France were at the top.

(To be continued.)

SONNET ON THE SONNET ON THE SONNET

WHAT is the sonnet on the sonnet? Well,

It is a bit of verbal filigree,
A mass of metaphor and simile,
A little wooden poem made to sell.
What does the sonnet on the sonnet tell?
It murmurs of the murmurs of the sea,
Or buzzes of the buzzing of the bee,
Or tinkles of the tinkling of a bell.

Why is the sonnet on the sonnet writ?

Forsooth, he deems that he a boon confers
Who paints the lily or pure gold refines;
And so the writer glories in his wit,
And calls himself a poet; yet he errs:
He gives us only fourteen prosy lines.

CAROLYN WELLS.



REVIEWS

THE NELSON OF HISTORY

THE LIFE OF NELSON, THE EMBODIMENT OF THE SEA POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN.—By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. In two volumes. Little, Brown & Co. \$8.00.

AS a part of Captain Mahan's well-known work on the *Influence of Sea Power on History*, his *Life of Nelson* hardly needs introduction or general discussion. The reading world is so well aware of the author's position as a historian, that it will be possible for us, taking much for granted, to comment merely on some special characteristics of the present work.

This book treats from another point of view one of the lines of action already developed by the author. Captain Mahan has already dealt with the influence of sea power on the French Revolution and Empire, showing how the French effort, after predominance upon the Continent, was continually checked by the sea power of Great Britain, and at last turned upon forces which were its ruin. In the history of that struggle there were two periods: the first, one of contention, or attempts at contention, on equal terms, beginning about 1792, so far as England was concerned, and ending in 1805 with the victory of Trafalgar; the second, the time of the "Continental System," when Napoleon ceased the effort to contend upon the sea, and endeavored, by the vast combinations that he could manipulate on the Continent, to out-manœuvre the English frigates and ships of the line. In the first period the great figure on the English side is Nelson: from St. Vincent to Trafalgar he was England's great admiral. Captain Mahan's previous treatment took the French, in the main, as chief actors; he now turns to the other side. He considers now the curbing, restraining power, and takes Nelson as its representative.

The plan has certain disadvantages. Let us add, at once, that it has certain advantages as well. In thinking of Nelson as the representative man of his nation and of a great world-influence, his figure gains in magnificence, and that very justly. It is largely through the cumulative effect of the careful historical study that has gone before, that the last chapter of the book is so emotionally powerful. Nelson, in his last hour on the quarter-deck of the "Victory," heading the main column of the English fleet into the concentric fire of the French line at Trafalgar, confident in the victory to come, and yet assured, it would seem, of his own approaching death, becomes one of the figures that remain in the mind. And this is due, not to any heightening of descriptive effect, nor to any magic of style, but merely to the appreciation of the great lines of cause and of consequence which centered in that one man at that hour.

Still, from the point of view of biography, there are disadvantages in regarding a man as the embodiment of Sea Power, or indeed as the embodiment of anything, except himself. There is in this case the temptation to think so much of Nelson as to neglect the Sea Power, and on the other hand, the temptation to think so much of the Sea Power as not to appreciate Nelson. Captain Mahan fully understands the latter of these dangers: "The man himself," he writes, "suffers from an association which merges his individuality in the splendor of his surroundings." And yet it seems to us that Captain Mahan has given way in some degree to both these difficulties. For instance, take the account of the events leading to the battle of the Nile; we hardly see how one can get, from this, only, the right idea. Certainly, the vital elements of the situation are by no means so clear as they are even in the few words of the author's first book on Sea Power, or in the more detailed account of the second. We have here, certainly, a more lively picture of Nelson, hot for the scent, chafing, doubling to and fro, straining in pursuit, but neither the great strategic lines, nor even the lesser tactical development of the battle, is made so clear as Captain Mahan made them when he was writing pure history, and not historical biography.

More important than this drawback, which is certainly not often apparent, is the other. Captain Mahan is so bent on regarding Nelson as the embodiment of the sea power of Great Britain that he is not naturally led to regard him as anything else. Hence his attitude on Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton. He is not unjust to Lady Hamilton (beyond giving an unflattering picture of her), although he says no more in her favor than is necessary. He makes no attempt to exculpate Nelson,* and admits that his conduct cannot be defended. He gives a fair, honest account, so far as he goes. Yet we cannot think that Captain Mahan looks at the question with the eye of a biographer. What sort of man was it that had Nelson's keen feeling of honor, of duty to his country, and of faith in God, and yet could for years maintain relations not only with Lady Hamilton, but, stranger still, with Sir William Hamilton as well? Certainly, this is something of an enigma. To Sir Harris Nicholas the knot was so complicated that he tried to cut it. Captain Mahan notes the puzzle, and puts it aside to consider the troubled state of affairs between England and Denmark. And yet that man's soul for those years must have been a strange chaos that his admirers would gladly realize.

These points to one side, however, it is readily to be acknowledged that there are advantages in personifying so important a historical influence,—advantages to the imagination, and in many cases, doubtless, to the understanding as well. And of these advantages Captain Mahan has to a great de-

* Save, silently, by giving a portrait of Lady Nelson.

gree availed himself. Careful, painstaking, accurate, as he is, he has given us several examples of fine historic imagination based upon keen and wide-reaching thought. And, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that, following these twelve years of history, and looking at them always with Nelson's eyes, we have a more active realization of them than by the treatment of pure history. After all, Captain Mahan is a historian; to him Nelson must be the Nelson of history; it is the situation that gives the greatest interest to the man.

There is still another topic which Captain Mahan, no doubt, has already in mind. He has now handled from either side the struggle between the English and the French for naval supremacy. He has also, in a more cursory way, dealt with the "Continental System." There is possible now a study of the years between 1805 and 1815 from another point of view, the point of view of the neutral. We presume that Captain Mahan has in mind a more detailed discussion of the events which led up to the War of 1812. It was in that war that the navy of the United States reached its point of highest distinction: it would be natural that a series of volumes which has done so much to arouse fresh interest in our navy of the present should find here a suitable close.

For this point is not to be forgotten—Captain Mahan is a historian, but he is also a citizen of our country and an officer in her navy. In writing, therefore, on the Influence of Sea Power on History he is never wholly unmindful of the influence of sea power at the present day. On many readers his books have been an immense pamphlet in favor of the increase of our navy. And it is probably right that this should be so; certainly, it is one of the great privileges of the historian, if he find a chance, to guide the course of the future by the experience of the past. It is to be hoped that all such thinking will proceed with due regard to the limitations which necessarily modify the argument from analogy. But we can hardly think of an analogy more likely to unsettle the judgment, through the excitement of enthusiastic emulation, than the life and victories of England's greatest naval commander.

A CONSIDERABLE NOVEL

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.—By William Dean Howells. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

IF this is not one of Mr. Howells's considerable novels, it is none the less a considerable novel. Those who admire the author's work will find in it that minute knowledge of many matters generally unobserved which characterizes his writing, that accurate attention to detail which gives his stories such an appearance of likelihood, and that broad grasp of our national life which makes him the foremost of American writers. Those, on the other hand,

who hold no patience for pictures of life as it is, but clamor for revolt, romanticism, and regardlessness in literature, will doubtless scoff at all the virtues of the book, and find time to complain of the rugosities of the author's style. But *The Landlord at Lion's Head* will remain an admirable picture of contemporaneous men, women, and manners on one side, and a clear-cut statement of an important problem yet to be solved on the other.

This problem, as in others of Mr. Howells's novels, is a sociological one; but it is no longer dragged into the foreground of the story for readers to gaze upon perforce, as Anthony once forced the Romans to look upon Cæsar. Returning to an earlier method, the author teaches here by indirection. His hero is as little heroic as the men in *Vanity Fair*, and so serves, we take it, as an archetype for nearly everything that makes life in America less worth living. Jeff Durgin is the youngest child of a consumptive father and ambitious mother, herself possessed of the inn-keeping instinct. The father and all the other children, except one, pass away from the austere New England farm, leaving the mother to convert the little house on the mountain-side into a summer hotel. Success attends her striving, and the family fortunes, thus augmented, enable her to send Jeff to Harvard College.

We have had many a novel and essay on the virtues of a college course, and now and then something regarding its viciousness. It has been reserved for Mr. Howells to depict a career which makes a collegiate training altogether unimportant. Jeff is entered at Cambridge—and drifts. He is a countryman; he remains a "jay." It is not his fault, and hardly his misfortune. A certain self-containment, not to be imputed for unrighteousness, gives him the manner which determines his social status. He merely exemplifies his own view of the "sorry scheme of things entire," of which he says: "I see that most things in this world are not thought about, and not intended. They happen, just as much as the other things that we call accidents." Jeff's attitude, therefore, is one of expectancy. He holds his life subject to revision in the light of its next chance experience, but always with a notion, not necessarily defined, of what he wishes it to be. He is creedless, negatively irreligious, unmoral as a pagan. He philosophizes thus: "Prosperity and adversity, they've got nothing to do with conduct. If you're a strong man, you get there; and if you're a weak man, all the righteousness in the world won't help you. . . . I shall be blessed if I look out for myself; and if I don't, I shall suffer for my want of foresight. But I sha'n't suffer for anything else."

Men of this stamp do not suffer—they make opportunities for the suffering of others. Jeff Durgin is no exception. Cynthia Whitwell, the little girl who spurs him to his first ambition, is betrothed to him. He sets her aside in a way that makes you despise him the more, because of his honesty in

it. He permits the attractiveness of Bessie Lynde, a Boston society girl, to lead him away from Cynthia; yet he insults Bessie, crassly and heavily, and is deservedly chastised therefor by her drunken brother. He forces his mother to forego her dream of seeing him at the bar, and ends his career as the landlord at Lion's Head, — which he was bound to be, Harvard or no Harvard.

Those whose views of social questions coincide with Mr. Howells's will find in the type of modern man presented by Jeff Durgin a sufficient lesson. They will take further delight in many a slight but palpable hit, as when it is written: "Society had just been stirred by the reading of a certain book which had then a very great vogue; and several people had been down among the wretched at the North End, doing good, in a conscience-stricken effort to avert the millennium, which the book in question seemed to threaten." So, too, runs one of the observations of Whitwell, the rural philosopher of the story: "When a man's mindin' his own business, any government's good, I guess."

Westover, a Western country boy with a strong artistic bent, who finally settles in Boston, is drawn with a life history so like his creator's that his sentiments seem to have a certain autobiographical value—as when he says of himself and his work: "I went to Milwaukee first, and they made me think I was somebody. Then I came on to New York, and they made me think I was nobody. I had to go to Europe to find out who I was; but after I had been there long enough, I didn't care to know. What I was trying to do was the important thing to me; not the fellow who was trying to do it."

All the characters indeed stand out with the distinctness to which Mr. Howells has accustomed us. There is, throughout the book, that delicious little knowledge of femininity Mr. Howells possesses to the despair of his contemporaries; and the narrative is flavored, wherever it can ring true, with sympathetic humor, sometimes of Yankee grimness. Taken as a whole, *The Landlord at Lion's Head* has added another to a long list of successes, and given us a story of life which deserves to be treasured by the American people.

OUTDOOR BOOKS

THE PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS, AND KINDRED PAPERS. — By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 16mo. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

NATURE IN A CITY YARD. — By Charles M. Skinner. 16mo. The Century Co. \$1.00.

A LOVER of nature is not to be deprived, not easily at all events, of his chlorophyll, his whiff of perfume, his smack of honey-dew, even when the most obdurate adverse circumstances close around him; nor is he to be prevented by any power, above or below,

from writing his book. We are glad that it is so; for Theocritus, and Virgil, and White of Selborne, and Izaak Walton are imperishable delights—not to mention "Picciola"—and so, likewise, are Thoreau and Emerson. We may add *The Procession of the Flowers*, by Col. T.W. Higginson, and *Nature in a City Yard*, by Mr. Charles M. Skinner, to the roll of honor holding the titles of thoroughly engaging out-door books.

Colonel Higginson's chapters are written in the open country, where breathing is free and space need not be economized, while Mr. Skinner conducts his literary campaign against great odds in a Brooklyn back-yard, just eighteen feet by fifty. Surely here are the opposite extremes, as regards point of view and base of supply. But who shall say that opportunity ever hinders or helps a true artist? Genius lays its finger beside its nose and makes eyes at Fate, well knowing that somehow the best will come to hand. And there must be genius, of some sort, when descriptive writing is to be kept within hailing distance of scientific accuracy, and yet made poetically charming. Colonel Higginson's book, this being a new edition, is already known to many readers; but it deserves universal welcome. It has just the freshness that cannot diminish, and we might add cannot increase, with the lapse of time. It is like going a-fishing, or playing at botany in a spring-time wood on the outskirts of a village, to read his pages.

Mr. Skinner, if he does here and there work his little field a trifle hard, stands up courageously for what Montaigne had in mind when he said: "Il s'agit de disenter assez veritablement et utilement, s'il s'agit de disenter ingenieusement," and he conquers, taking his reader into abject back-yard captivity for as long as the book lasts. He is a philosopher without a philosophy, and his eyes see, his ears hear, his nostrils inhale, while his imagination, kept well in hand, falls upon things just at the fortunate moment.

Given a bicycle and these two books, and a smooth road leading into the green country, what a mid-May day of delight one could have! Even a professional reviewer might take a hillside nap, with the volumes for a pillow, while an oriole sang overhead and claytonias bloomed around. At all events, there is refreshment in what one catches from the tempered enthusiasm of writings like these; so that there is no shock when Mr. Skinner observes that "The Greeks had little to say about Nature." It is a slip. The Greeks had everything to say about Nature; but they spoke dramatically, rarely giving descriptions. In a sentence, often with a single word, they projected Nature absolutely. We mean no disparagement when we inquire whether any page of Colonel Higginson's or Mr. Skinner's delightful descriptive work gives as haunting an impression of Spring as the *γλυκερόν φυτόν* of the Sicilian poet, or the *ἀλεπόφυρος εἶλαρος ὄρνις* of another tuneful Greek. Indeed, Mr. Francis T. Palgrave, in

his delightful book, *Landscape in Poetry*, just issued, has shown a pleasing scholarship in citing many fine passages of purely descriptive nature-sketches from ancient Greek verse. This love of Nature, when it fills a writer's pages and overbrims them, as in the two books now in hand, no matter how lyrical its expression may be, or how philosophical its spirit, generates a very subtle magnetism, and we read with a smile, as if flowers opened in the words and fragrance came out of the phrases. It fills a library with a wholesome freshness to have such books scattered around; they are disinfecant.

THE POMP OF MR. PARKER

THE POMP OF THE LAVILETTES.—By Gilbert Parker.
16mo. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.

AMONG the crowd of eager endeavorers, it is pleasant to meet with somebody who has arrived; who can be counted on to tell his story with a sure touch and plenty of color. It is as a kind of holiday spectator, personally conducted by the author, that one visits the strange and mimic town of Bonaventure. Instantly one is caught in the rapid current of its noisy, chattering, cheating, easy-going flood, with its side eddies of feasts and fights, its fierce valors, and its contented cowardice, and borne along to its quick close, ending nowhere—all to the stirring sound of the "pom-pom of the Laviletta." Everything is brisk, picturesque, patent. Everybody has his little pose, and plays his conscious part in the chorus, from Baby, the bridge-tender, gossiping with the fat and meal-incrusted Gatineau, to "Nic" Lavilette, planning a toy rebellion against the Widow across the water. The women are warm-blooded and clever-headed, and love, and hate, and kill with a real intuitive fervor of conviction. Like the women of Thomas Hardy, they charm, but do not console. They are women for youth, not for age, though suffering finds the mother-touch in one. A cheerful unmorality pervades the tale, and nobody is painfully good. Life in Bonaventure is a lively hand-to-mouth affair, with little time for studies of the conscience—and then, is there not always the priest?

The prominent figure in the canvas is not a Lavilette at all, but the Hon. Tom Errol, a handsome invalid, belonging to the army of the fascinating scamp who lies, and loves, and borrows, and rides away, only to repeat the process to-morrow with the astonishing ease of a prestidigitateur. Authors know the secret of the trick, and readers remain willing fools. Beside the Macaire of Stevenson, Tom Errol is rather a sawdusty sinner. The most convincing thing that occurs to him is that horrid hour when, things tangible having slipped almost away, he sees, as in a fast-dimming mirror, and feels for one robustly moral moment the meanness of his gentility, the bubble-like character

of his boasted honor, and the emptiness of the thing he calls his soul.

The world of men is too large and too scantily sounded and charted for one to demand that all a writer's characters shall be typical,—shall be entirely related to a yet unstated whole,—but it is expected that they be consistent with themselves. It is inconceivable that a man whose chiefest virtue was his British loyalty should die madly shooting down his own kin in defense of a quite unworthy Frenchman, though a brother-in-law.

Big blue-eyed Magon, set in his fruitful fields, behind his plodding horses, and Vanne Castine, with his brown bear dancing, half-hypnotized, to his weird song, are perhaps the only real men in the town, and yet the women care not a rap for them. The book has many pages of rushing description, enjoyed more keenly in a second reading.

Unpleasant and dangerous folk to live with, these Lavillettes, but most stimulating to hear of. Their history is not a great nor a wise one, but it is stirring. Those who lack interest in it, and prefer M. Bourget and the anatomists of melancholy, should pass on to another slope of Parnassus. Mr. Parker's tent will have plenty of visitors, welcome and unafraid. The wreath is ever made anew and anew for the true story-teller.

GILDING THE GOSPEL

PAUL, A HERALD OF THE CROSS.—By F. M. Kingsley. 8vo. Henry Altemus. \$1.50.

IT seems useless to urge that the Acts of the Apostles is itself a work of the highest literary merit, when books like these can be read without discovering the paltry quality of the padding by which the actual words of the Bible are expanded into any number of thickish volumes. Of Mrs. Kingsley's patience and devotion in setting about her task, there can be no doubt. If the Divine Word must be sugar-coated and served in pillules, she is as fit to do the work as any one, and more conscientious than most. But why do it at all?

The only reasonable answer is to be found in the stupendous sales. Of this author's first work, *Titus, a Comrade of the Cross*, more than a million copies have been sold; of her second, *Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross*, more than ten thousand, while the first edition of this present volume was exhausted on the day of publication. What is to be done in the face of such figures? All these tales are founded upon the New Testament narrative; each gilds the gospel and paints the apostles—and, evidently, the people like it. But then, it may be remembered, they liked *Ben Hur*, even to the extent of naming a secret society and a brand of bicycles from it.



SOME SHOPWORN GOODS

A STORY-TELLER'S PACK.—By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

IT is now about twenty-seven years since Mr. Frank R. Stockton published his first book. Thirty volumes have followed it. These have made Mr. Stockton variously known as a heaven-born teller of fairy tales; an ingenious manipulator of "conundrum-stories"; a novelist of respectable gifts and attainments; and an industrious mechanic, thrifflily anxious to utilize his coal-dust, and drive a good bargain for his scrap-heap. It is Stockton the mechanic who is most in evidence in this collection of stories and sketches.

Three of the tales are worth while. The defective seven are characteristic, when nothing more. They abound in Stocktonisms. Some of them might have been redeemed to absolute merit had the creator been more of an artist or less of an artisan. Sometimes his invention flags: but perhaps the author of thirty books has earned immunity from reproach on that score! Frequently his machinery creaks; for, though Mr. Stockton has won honor by such *tours de force*, it is not always easy to apply the methods of the fairy tale to the citizens of Goshen Corner, to show possible persons in impossible positions. Occasionally (notably in stories that are told in the first person), Mr. Stockton willfully dispenses with that air of serious belief which alone makes tolerable a situation like that of *One Woman to Another*. It is easier to overlook these things than it is to pardon the constant recurrence under various labels of the Stockton types.

Here they all are: The hen-minded woman who has but one idea at a time, and pursues it through the mazes of sentences two hundred words long; the epicene youth with a fantastic hobby; the mild old man who so suggests a good grandmotherly cow. One escapes them in *The Magic Egg*, wherein the heroine, though ominously fluent, is not possessed of a devil; in *My Well, and What Came Out of It*, a delightful scene from the comedy of country life; and in *The Bishop's Ghost and the Printer's Baby*, a sketch that has much of the idyllic quality, and boasts a climax that is a stroke of genius.

It is due Mr. Stockton to say that, though often dull, he is depressing only in *Stephen Skarridge's Christmas*, a laborious burlesque of the Dickens style of holiday story. Originally published in the old *Scribner's Magazine*, doubtless acceptable to the public of its day, it may serve now to point the moral that humor of a certain order is curiously short-lived. Fashions change, in literature as in dress. Superior conceptions alone survive, and to urge the others, after their day is over, is sheer waste of energy. Mr. Stockton is not well-advised when he offers his remnants and misfits.

A PLEASANT REPRINT

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY STUDIES.—By Edmund Gosse.
8vo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

MR. GOSSE has prefixed to this, the third edition of his *Seventeenth-Century Studies*, a little nineteenth-century study of which the book itself is the subject. After the interval of more than thirteen years, making allowances for certain youthful enthusiasms, adolescent dogmatisms, and what he calls "juvenile preciousness of manner," he decides it is, after all, a pretty good sort of book. We are glad to find so distinguished a critic in substantial agreement with us on this point.

Reading the work afresh brings before the mind its classical quality. The discoveries it contains in regard to the poets and dramatists of the post-Elizabethan and earlier Restoration periods none of them go back more than twenty-five years. Yet, difficult as imbedded errors in biographies are to correct, the changes and additions made by our author have everywhere been formally adopted. So true is this, that, in certain of these matters, Etherege's career as a diplomatist, for example, it is difficult to believe that we have been in possession of the facts so short a time.

Mr. Gosse's *Critical Kit-Kats*, carried back two centuries to exclude its autobiographical element, will sufficiently indicate to those unfamiliar with *Seventeenth-Century Studies* the scope and charm of the earlier work. It is a pleasure to feel that the success of the former is responsible for this new edition at just this time.

FIRST EDITIONS

AMERICAN AUTHORS, 1795-1895. A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FIRST AND NOTABLE EDITIONS, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED, WITH NOTES.—By P. K. Foley. With an introduction by Walter Leon Sawyer. Printed for subscribers only.

IT is not unlikely that Mr. P. K. Foley accomplished in his bibliography of American first editions all that he set himself to do. It may be doubted, however, if his task was characterized by either virtues or importance. Mr. Foley definitely limited himself to writers of the century from 1795 to 1895, and carefully excluded religious, political, and scientific works. On the other hand, he has given an exhausting list of writers, many of whom not even a generous and uncritical mind could include as literary. In truth, Mr. Foley is covering ground which has already been gone over several times, and instead of adding to the material anything of interest or advantage, he has deliberately done away with nearly everything which would have served as the excuse for a new edition. Had he increased the information about the editions, or given more recent data than other

publications of the sort, his bibliography might have been of some service to the collector and librarian. He has, however, omitted the names of the publishers, which are, in many cases, a great aid to the identification of old editions. Besides this, he has omitted innumerable writers whose work, if largely religious or political, yet forms an important part of our national literature,—H. H. Bancroft, Henry Ward Beecher, James Freeman Clarke, George Ticknor Curtis, Charles A. Dana, Timothy Dwight, William Lloyd Garrison, Horace Greeley, Grace Greenwood, Edward Everett Hale, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Samuel Longfellow. These are certainly names which should be included in an exhaustive bibliography where space is given to Jane G. Austin, John Kendrick Bangs, C. F. Briggs, R. J. Burdette, Madison Cawein, Ignatius Donnelly, Maurice Francis Egan, Paul Leicester Ford, Constance Cary Harrison, and others. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Foley's work is but half done, or if already completed, far from satisfactory.

Mr. Walter Sawyer's introduction is very pleasant, rambling, and continuously irrelevant, as is the fashion for essays on the joys of book-collecting.

AT RAILROAD SPEED

THE GREAT K. & A. TRAIN ROBBERY.—By Paul Leicester Ford. 16mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

THE *Great K. & A. Train Robbery* is an amusing and at times exciting story. It is clearly a hasty and unimportant piece of work, and in no sense literary: yet the book is all it pretends to be, and can be commended for the speed of its action.

The story tells of the holding up of a mail agent, and the stealing of three letters containing important proxies for a Western railway election. The highwaymen are none other than a director of the road, and his sons and friends. The robbers are speedily discovered, and there is a fair chance of the story's ending when the captor's sympathy is won by the daughter of the director, and from that time on the chief concern of everybody is to keep the letters from reaching their destination until too late to be of service in the election. The opposition has local courts and cowboys on its side, as against United States cavalry and a railway superintendent. In the end the election goes off as it should,—the hero marries the heroine, the villain is confounded, and the event is thoroughly to one's taste.

One can hardly say that Mr. Ford has done much toward the improvement of his reputation by this volume; but it is unpretentious enough not to count against him. And, after all, it is amusing reading, which, so far as the great public is concerned, is more than can be said for many works of real position in literature.

WELL-GROOMED FICTION

THE MERRY MAID OF ARCADY, AND OTHER STORIES.
—By Mrs. Burton Harrison. 16mo. Lamson,
Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.

WITHIN somewhat stringent limits, Mrs. Harrison has a neat talent for the telling of well-groomed fiction, and a considerable value as a historian of our own times. Her obtrusive merit is accuracy in the setting of her tales. Of persons of quality, and the ritual of their daily life, she writes *ex cathedra*. Nowhere is information concerning the habits and conversation of women of fashion more available than here, and the volume is an unwitting manual of etiquette. Mrs. Harrison's observations are not pervaded with a very robust sense of humor, yet her criticisms on New York "society" are sufficiently keen. She confirms the impression that rudeness is now more a fashion than a failing.

As for the stories themselves, nothing can be more unfailingly delightful than a contrast between the fading aristocracy of the South and the flamboyant plutocracy of New York, or the triumph of a young and beautiful private secretary in the capture of the most eligible man of the season. Such themes, really charming, are usually spoiled by mawkishness. Mrs. Harrison, in their relation, is surprisingly simple and well-bred, and very little sentimental. To this end she has restrained a very lively enthusiasm for Maryland and Virginia.

When she attempts anything deeper, more mysterious, or more comic than these simple tales, Mrs. Harrison is awkward. But the classic themes she embellishes with a delightful upholstery, and her style is serviceable and somewhat furbished and up to date.

Mr. Smedley's pictures are notably unsympathetic, and his people most unfashionable.

LYRICS

LYRICS.—By John B. Tabb. 12mo. Copeland & Day. \$1.00.

IT is to be noted with praise that the poems now before us show the same candor of conviction and deep religious sense as have ever informed Father Tabb's work. If anything, he has gained in his ability to indicate profound emotions in fields not solely religious. But he has lost in Catholicism, using the word in both its meanings. He has nothing in this volume as broad as the quatrain to Milton, and no sonnet with half the charm of *The Portrait*. In one he was singing a Puritan poet and his Puritan poem; in the other, the beautifully poetic belief of Rome in an angel-guardian. Why he should now deny himself either field is inexplicable.



PRIZE STORIES OF MYSTERY

SONS AND FATHERS.—By Harry Stillwell Edwards.
8vo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.

THE MILL OF SILENCE.—By B. E. J. Capes.
Ut sup.

UNDER THREE FLAGS.—By B. L. Taylor and A. T. Thobits. *Ut sup.*

NO incident of recent years so exemplifies the stately march of civilization as the appearance of these three stories. Anciently, men used to write things that no one wanted — *Paradise Lost*, for example — and ten pounds sterling was as much as could be had; now they have only to fill an order for 150,000 words, or thereabouts, of mystification, and lo! the *Chicago Record* pays them \$10,000, \$3,000, or \$1,500, as the case may be, cash in hand — and the glowing facts are set forth on the back of each title-page, that he who wheels may read. To-day, *Paradise Lost* serves merely as an exercise whereon some teacher whets his pupils' wits; while herds of citizens postpone their customary conversation about the badness of the weather and the aldermen to discuss the mysteriousness of these mysteries.

From such a monument, so erected, and at such expense, some rules for the governance of future mystery-mongers should and shall be educed. First, the formula as here disclosed may be briefly set forth, thus:

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Who killed Cock Robin?

ALL INTERVENING CHAPTERS.

Words enough to make a total of, about, 150,000.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

"I," said the Sparrow,

"With my bow and arrow,

I killed Cock Robin."

Secondly, it appears to be necessary to go to some author of established reputation to obtain a suitable title for the story. In these particular cases Tolstoj, Sudermann, and De la Ramée have been laid under contribution. In constructive detail, however, there is not the same agreement; though the deductions are no less valuable. Mr. Edwards, who has published some charming short stories, takes several others — not before published, and not necessarily charming — and joins them in an urbane imitation of the log-cabin pattern. Mr. Capes prefers melodrama as a garment, and when its texture grows tenuous, patches it, now with terrors, now with love. Messrs. Taylor and Thobits, being newspaper-men, write a "good newspaper story" in a superior, New England article of journalese, and are content. All manifest the highest regard for probabilities — an esteem so exalted in-

deed as to exclude them from their works, setting bare possibilities to do their duty instead.

All of which makes us wonder what will be the literary result of the yearly Alfred Nobel prizes, each valued at \$60,000, also cash in hand.

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The same qualities are to be found in more sophisticated form in *Julie*, the closing story of the book. The tales intervening may be said to present a résumé of the author's literary methods. *The Woman and the Philistine*, for example, is a leaf or two from *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*, more scathing and bitter than they; the others find counterparts in *Last Touches*. None of them lacks that final polish which is the best proof of Mrs. Clifford's dexterity of workmanship.

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JUGEND-GEDICHTE.—By J. C. L. Clark. Printed for the author, at Hamilton, Bermuda.
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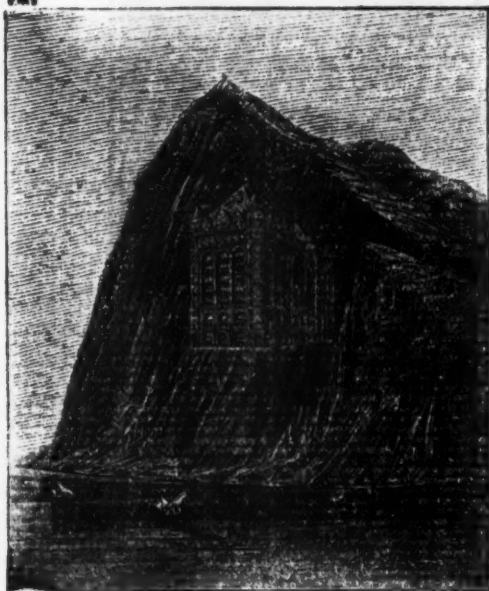
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